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{ From Beginning,
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EDELWEISS.

TAKE, dear lady, take these flowers
 Children born of sun and showers.
 Summer sun and winter snow
 Crushed the rock from which they grow;
 Strength of immemorial chalk
 Fed the fibres of their stalk;
 Lightning, hurricane, and storm,
 Shaped their pliancy of form;
 Gleam and gloom with varying sway
 Stained their petals ashen gray,
 Which, like loving hearts, enfold
 In their midst one spot of gold.
 Fearless head and steady foot
 Tracked the cradle of their root,
 Now a link in friendship's chain
 From the mountain to the main.

Nurslings of the central sea,
 Such as late I gave to thee,
 Lull the senses, charm the eye,
 Bloom and wither, breathe and die.
 These, by sterner process made,
 Slow engendered, slowly fade.
 And they bring where'er they fare
 Just a whiff of Alpine air.

Lady, take these simple flowers,
 Emblem meet of sun and showers.
 Macmillan's Magazine. OSCAR BROWNING.

DAVOS-PLATZ, August, 1886.

A VILLAGE ROMANCE (CHESHIRE).

AYE, Nellie wur married to-day
 To Dick, up at th' farm on the 'ill;
 An' ye've 'eered nought about it, ye say?
 Why, mon, ye mun keep very still

Not to know what's the talk o' the plaâce
 An' fur manny a mile fur that matter,
 Fur Nellie—God bless 'er sweet faâce! —
 Is loved, — why yer teeth's all a-chatter!

'Ere, pu' yer cheer furdur from th' dur,
 An' I'll mak' up the fire a bit;
 Theer's a draught comes along o' the flur,
 An' ketches ye just wheer ye sit.

I wur talkin' o' Nellie — aye, sure —
 When 'oo * comes 'ere to see me, I say
 'Er smile is as good as a cure
 To frighten th' rheumatics away;

'Oo'll sit o' this stool by the fire,
 An' chat away 'omely an' free
 By the hour, when I'm sure she mun tire
 Of a stupid owd feller like me.

The childer as plays i' the street,
 When they sees 'er, all runs to 'er side,
 An' she's allus as bright an' as sweet, —
 Why 'oo gin little Johnny a ride

On 'er showldhers one day, an' the rest
 Runs shoutin' an' laughin' behind;
 I see'd 'er mysen, an' I'm blest
 If a lass i' the plaâce is as kind!

* Often used in Cheshire for "she;" but both words are used indifferently.

I went up to th' church, an' I thowt
 Theer wur niver a prattier sight;
 Dick, 'e wur rare an' proud as 'e browt
 'Er away, tho' she seemed a bit white,

An' niver looked up nur replied,
 When I gin 'er "good luck" as she passed;
 I couldna help thinkin' a bride
 Shud 'a smiled 'stid o' lookin' downcast.

Owd Sally said some'at las' neet,
 Abaout 'er not weddin' fur love,
 But I canna believe as she's reet,
 Fur I'll warrant as Nellie's above

Takkin' annyone just fur his gowd;
 Besides, Dick's as proper a man
 As ye'll see annywhere. I've been tow'd
 'E's settled the 'ouse an' the lan'

On Nellie, if 'e dies the fust;
 But 'oo'd niver 'a tuk 'im fur that!
 Folks allus likes thinkin' the wust,
 An' Sally's a good un at that.

'Oo said theer were some other lad
 Come a courtin' o' Nellie las' year, —
 It must be my memory's bad,
 Or else as I didna just 'ear,

Fur I canna think on at 'is name, —
 'E wur not o' this parish, she said,
 An' Sally, — 'oo thowt t'were a shame, —
 Eh! mon, — ye're as white as the dead!

What! Ye'n gotten a chill? — I'm afear'd
 It's a bad un, — 'ere, stop! — well, I'm
 beat! —

'E's gone out as pale an' as skeered
 As a ghost, an' is aif down the street!
 Spectator. J. C. HENDERSON.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

WHAT is your woe, or who hath done you
 wrong,
 Sorrowful surges wailing up the shore?
 "No hope!" ye cry, "Too late! O, never-
 more!" —

A chill despair the burden of your song.
 To stars and flying clouds, the whole night
 long,

Ye sob your mournful story o'er and o'er;
 It echoes through the sea-cave's weedy door,
 And gains in anguish as the wind grows strong.

The great sea-mother, rent with many woes,
 Pours out her heart in unavailing tears
 For all the evils that remorseless Fate
 Has wrought thro' her, these thousand
 thousand years —

For those whose name is perished — and for
 those

Whose house is left unto them desolate.
 Spectator. M. C. GILLINGTON.

From The Fortnightly Review.
MANUAL INSTRUCTION.
 BY SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

MR. MUNDELLA, in an interesting address which he delivered at the Polytechnic last year, took us Londoners somewhat severely to task because more is not done in the metropolis to provide for the intellectual wants of our people. Certainly I must admit, as a Londoner, that we are far from being as advanced as we could wish. I would, however, point out two reasons. In the first place, the areas of government in London are for many purposes too small. I have no desire to speak disrespectfully of vestries or vestrymen. But take the case of free libraries: London is reproached for having so few, but would Birmingham have had its magnificent library if it was governed by the vestries of the separate parishes? One reason which has defeated the efforts to establish free libraries in London has been that the parishioners have been told that, while the expense would fall on them, readers could come in from other parishes. A bill should be proposed next session to remedy this by amending the Free Libraries Act in the metropolitan district by making the area that of the union instead of the parish. Again, why have we in our educational institutions so few members and students belonging to the great shopkeeping community? It is on account of the excessively long hours in London shops. This again is to a great extent owing to the difficulty in such immense communities of obtaining and securing common action. I hope that next session we may do something to mitigate this great evil. Free libraries and shorter hours in shops are two of the most pressing wants in London. Still, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Mundella was rather too severe on us. Can any provincial city show a nobler work than that carried on by Mr. Quentin Hogg at the old Polytechnic Institution? The members and students now, I understand, number nearly ten thousand, and not only does Mr. Quentin Hogg devote an immense amount of time to the work, but the annual cost to him cannot be much below £10,000 a year. If it had been in

one of our provincial cities we should probably have heard more of it. Londoners are, perhaps, too modest. Our London School Board has done its work efficiently, and is generally blamed for spending too much rather than too little. Again, the stimulus which has been recently given to the cause of technical education in England, has no doubt been very greatly due to the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, so ably directed by Sir Philip Magnus. The Commissioners on Technical Instruction, in their interesting report on technical education, have given endless cases showing the great importance of technical instruction, and I cannot help thinking that much more technical education might be introduced even into elementary schools. Something of the kind indeed is done in the case of girls by the instruction in needlework and cookery, which latter, I am happy to see, is showing satisfactory results. Why should not something of the same kind be done in the case of boys? There are some indeed who seem to think that our educational system is as good as possible, and that the only remaining points of importance are the number of schools and scholars, the questions of fees, the relation of voluntary and board schools, etc. "No doubt," says Mr. Symonds, in his "Sketches in Italy and Greece," "there are many who think that when we not only advocate education but discuss the best system, we are simply beating the air; that our population is as happy and cultivated as can be, and that no substantial advance is really possible. Mr. Galton, however, has expressed the opinion, and most of those who have written on the social condition of Athens seem to agree with him, that the population of Athens, taken as a whole, was as superior to us as we are to Australian savages."

That there is some truth in this probably no student of Greek history will deny. Why, then, should this be so? I cannot but think that our system of education is partly responsible.

Technical teaching need not in any way interfere with instruction in other subjects. Though so much has been said

about the importance of science and the value of technical instruction, or of hand-training, as I should prefer to call it, it is unfortunately true that in our system of education, from the highest school downwards, both of them are sadly neglected, and the study of language reigns supreme.

This is no new complaint. Ascham, in "The Schoolmaster," long ago lamented it, and Milton, in his letter to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, complained "that our children are forced to stick unreasonably in these grammatick flats and shallows;" and observes that "though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only;" and Locke said that "schools fit us for the university rather than for the world." Commission after commission, committee after committee, have reiterated the same complaint. How then do we stand now?

I see it indeed constantly stated that, even if the improvement is not so rapid as could be desired, still we are making considerable progress in this direction. But what are the facts? Are we really making progress?

On the contrary, the present rules made by the education department are crushing out elementary science. There are two heads elementary science may be taken under, which are known as "class subjects" or "specific subjects." Under the code there are four so-called class subjects, only two of which may be taken. One of them must be English, which I am afraid in a great many cases practically means grammar. Consequently, if either history or geography were selected for the second, elementary science must be omitted. It has been pointed out over and over again that the tendency must be to shut out elementary science, because the great bulk of the schools are sure to take history or geography. The last report shows how grievously this has proved to be the case. The president and vice-president of the Council, in the report just issued, say that elementary science "does

not appear to be taken advantage of to any great extent at present." This is a very mild way of putting it. Mr. Colt Williams says more correctly, that "specific subjects are virtually dead." Mr. Balmer observes that "specific subjects have been knocked on the head." In fact, out of the forty-five hundred thousand children in our schools, less than twenty-five thousand were examined last year in any branch of science as a specific subject. Take, for instance, the laws of health and animal physiology. Only fourteen thousand children were presented in this subject. Yet how important to our happiness and utility! Neither Mr. Bright nor Mr. Gladstone I believe ever learned any English grammar, and as regards the latter it has been recently stated, by one who knows him intimately, that the splendid health he enjoys is greatly due to his having early learned one simple physiological lesson.

Turning again to the class subjects, last year elementary science was only taken in forty-five schools out of twenty thousand. This, however, was not because it was unpopular, but simply on account of the rules laid down in the code. According to Mr. Williams, grammar—which, under compulsion, was taken in over nineteen thousand schools—was not a popular subject, and if only the code permitted it, it would be dropped in half his schools. One of her Majesty's inspectors, in the last report, seemed to regard it as an advantage of grammar that "its processes require no instruments, no museums, no laboratories." This, on the contrary, is one of its drawbacks. It fails to bring the children into any contact with nature. Indeed, Helmholtz is probably correct in his view that the rules of grammar, followed as they are by long strings of exceptions, weaken the power of realizing natural laws. Again, it is surely undesirable to attach so much importance to the minutiae of spelling. Dr. Gladstone has shown that the irregularities of English spelling cause, on an average, the loss of more than one thousand hours in the school life of each child. "A thousand hours in the most precious seed-time of life of millions of children spent in learn

ing that *i* must follow *e* in conceive and precede it in believe; that two *e*'s must, no one knows why, come together in proceed and exceed, and be separated in precede and accede; that uncle must be spelt with a *c* but ankle with a *k*, and numberless other and equally profitless conventions! And this while lessons in health and thrift, sewing and cooking, which should make the life of the poor tolerable, and elementary singing and drawing, which should make it pleasant and push out lower and degrading amusements, are in many cases almost vainly trying to obtain admission." At present we really seem to follow the example of Democritus, who is said to have put out his eyes in order that he might reason better. It was a truer instinct which identified the "seer" and the "prophet." It seems very undesirable that our rules should be so stringent as to lay down "a flattening iron" over schools, but if the choice of subjects were dictated at all, why, of all subjects in the world, should grammar, with its dry and bewildering technicalities, be especially favored? I do not, however, wish to disparage grammar; all I desire is that it should not block the way; that elementary science should have a fair chance. The three objections which are sometimes heard, especially at school board elections, are over-pressure, over-expense, and over-education. That there is really no general over-pressure Mr. Fitch and Mr. Sydney Buxton have satisfied most impartial judges. Still the relief afforded by a change from literature to science, from books to nature, from taxes on memory to the stimulus of observation, is no doubt of the most grateful character.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his recent "Report on certain Points connected with Elementary Education in Germany, Switzerland, and France," points out that in German elementary schools there is a "fuller programme" and a "higher state of instruction" than in ours. He takes Hamburg as a good typical case, and he tells us that "the weekly number of hours for a Hamburg child between the ages of ten and fourteen is, as I have said, thirty-two; with us, under the code, for a child

of that age, it is twenty." And then, or I should rather say, "but then," "the Hamburg children have as the obligatory matters of their instruction, religion, German, English, history, geography, natural history, natural philosophy, arithmetic and algebra, geometry, writing, drawing, singing, and gymnastics, thirteen matters in all." In one of our schools under the code the obligatory subjects are "three, — English, writing, and arithmetic. Of the optional matters they generally take, in fact, four, singing and geography . . . and as specific subjects say, algebra and physiology, or French and physiology. This makes in all, for their school week of twenty hours, seven matters of instruction." As a matter of fact I have shown that comparatively few children are presented in any specific subject. But even if two are taken, this would only bring up the subjects to half those included in the ordinary German course. Mr. Arnold "often asked himself" why, with such long hours and so many subjects, the children had "so little look of exhaustion or fatigue, and the answer I could not help making to myself was, that the cause lay in the children being taught less mechanically and more naturally than with us, and *being more interested*."

I feel sure there is a great deal in this; variety in mental food is as important as in bodily food, and our children are often tired simply because they are bored.

As to expense, it is really ignorance and not education which is expensive.

But then we hear a great deal about over-education. We need not fear over-education; but I do think we suffer much from misdirected education. Our schoolmasters too often seem to act as if all children were going to be schoolmasters themselves.

It is true that more attention is now given to drawing in some schools; and this is certainly a matter of very great importance, but some changes must be made in the code before that development can be made which we should all wish to see. Manual work in boys' schools seems to be exactly parallel with, and in every way analogous to, that of needlework in girls' schools, and I am inclined to agree

with Sir P. Magnus that the value of the one kind of teaching should be as fully recognized and assisted by the State as that of the other. Why could they not introduce carpentering or something of that sort which would exercise the hands of the boys as well as their heads? I have myself tried an experiment in a small way in the matter of cobblery, and although the boys did not make such progress as to be able to make their own boots, they no doubt learned enough to be able to mend them.

The introduction of manual work into our schools is important, not merely from the advantage which would result to health, not merely from the training of the hand as an instrument, but also from its effect on the mind itself.

I do not indeed suppose that, except in some special districts, we can introduce what is known as the "half-time" system, in the sense that the children will do ordinary work for wages, though Mr. Arnold tells us in his "Report on certain Points connected with Elementary Education in Germany, Switzerland, and France," that in Prussia "the rural population greatly prefer the half-day school, as it is called, for all the children, because they have the elder children at their disposal for half the day."

I do not, I confess, see why a system so popular in Germany should be impossible in England; but what seems more immediately feasible is that our boys should be trained to use their hands as well as their heads. The absence of any such instruction is one of the great defects in our present system.

Such teaching need not in any way interfere with instruction in other subjects. Mr. Chadwick has given strong reasons for his opinion, "that the general result of the combined mental and bodily training on the half-school-time principle is to give to two of such children the efficiency of the three on the long-school-time principle for productive occupations."

Again, the Commissioners on Technical Instruction, speaking of schools in the Keighley district, say: "The most remarkable fact connected with these schools is the success of the half-timers. The Keighley district is essentially a factory district, there being a thousand factory half-timers attending the schools. Although these children receive less than fourteen hours of instruction per week, and are required to attend the factory for twenty-eight hours in addition, their percentage of passes at the examination is

higher than the average of passes of children receiving double the amount of schooling throughout the country."

In our infant schools we have generally object lessons or some more or less imperfect substitute of that kind for the very young children. But after this, with some rare exceptions, our teaching is all book learning, the boy has no "handwork" whatever. He sits some hours at a desk, his muscles have insufficient exercise, he loses the love and habit of work. Hence to some extent our school system really tends to unfit boys for the occupations of after life, instead of training the hand and the eye to work together; far from invigorating the child in what M. Sluys well terms, "*le bain rafraichissant du travail manuel*," it tends to tear his associations from all industrial occupations, which, on the other hand, subsequently revenge themselves, when their turn comes, by finally distracting the man from all the associations and interests of school life.

This principle of manual instruction has been elaborately worked out in Sweden, where it is known as the *Slöjd* system, by Mr. Abrahamson and Mr. Solomon, and has been already adopted in over six hundred schools. It has recently been the subject of a very interesting memoir by M. Sluys,* who was deputed by the Belgian minister of education to visit Mr. Abrahamson and report upon it. The importance of manual practice as an integral part of all education was long ago realized by the genius of Rousseau, and first worked out practically and as regards young children by Froebel. Basedon indeed, in 1774, introduced manual instruction as a counterpoise to mental work; but Finland seems to be the country where the value of manual instruction as an integral part of education was first realized, when, thanks to the efforts of Uno Cygnaeus, the government enacted in 1866 that it should be an obligatory subject in all primary and normal schools. The system of Basedon appears to have been less successful than might have been expected, probably in great measure because the instruction was confided to artisans, whereas it seems to be of great importance not to separate the direction of the manual from that of the mental training.

There have been indeed two very different points of view from which manual in-

* *L'Enseignement des Travaux Manuels dans les Ecoles primaires de garçons en Suède. Rapport prés. à M. le Min. de l'Inst. Publique par M. A. Sluys, et conclusion de M. M. A. Sluys et H. Vankalken. Bruxelles, 1884.*

struction has been recommended. The first looks at the problem from a specially economical point of view. The school is arranged so as to elicit the special aptitudes of the pupils; to prepare and develop the children as quickly and as completely as possible for some definite trade or handicraft, so as to, if possible, assure them, when leaving school, the material requisite of existence. In this way it is maintained that the wealth and comfort of the nation can be best promoted.

The second theory regards the manual instruction as a form of education; the object is to give to the hand, not so much a special as a general aptitude, suitable to the varied circumstances of practical life, and calculated to develop a healthy love of labor, to exercise the faculties of attention, perception, and intuition. The one treats the school as subordinate to the workshop, the other takes the workshop and makes it a part of the school. The one seeks to make a workman, the other to train up a man. In short, the Swedish system is no preparation for a particular occupation, but is intended as a means of general development. The time devoted to manual instruction is there from four to six hours a week.

Of all handiworks carpentering has been found most suitable. The work of the smith strengthens the arm, but it does not train the hand — tends rather indeed to make it too heavy. Moreover, the work is rather hard for children. In basket-work the fingers alone are exercised; few tools are required or mastered, the younger children cannot finish off a basket, and it is an additional disadvantage that the work is done sitting. Bookbinding is too limited and too difficult, moreover it does not afford sufficient opportunities of progressive difficulty. Work with cardboard is in many respects very suitable, but it trains the fingers rather than the hand, and does not sufficiently develop the bodily vigor. On the whole, then, working in wood is recommended, and it is remarkable that it was long ago suggested by Rousseau.

Tout bien considéré, le métier que j'aimerais le mieux qui fût du goût de mon élève est celui de menuisier. Il est propre, il est utile, il peut s'exercer dans la maison, il tient suffisamment le corps en haleine; il exige dans l'ouvrier de l'adresse et de l'industrie et dans la forme des ouvrages que l'utilité détermine, l'élégance et le goût ne sont pas exclus.

Abrahamson has prepared a hundred models, which the children are succes-

sively taught to make, commencing with a very easy form, and passing on to others more and more difficult. The series begins with a simple wooden peg, and the series includes a paper-knife, spoon, shovel, axe-handle, flower-stand, mallet, bootjack, a cubic décimètre, a mason's level, chair, butter-mould, and ends with a milk-pail.

When the model is finished it is inspected. If unsatisfactory it is destroyed; yet if it passes muster the child is allowed to take it home. It is all his own work; no one has helped. It is indeed found important that the children should make something which they can carry away, and much stress is laid on the condition that they should make it entirely themselves, from the beginning to the end. If one does one part and one another, if one begins and another finishes it, neither practically takes much interest in it.

The objects made are all useful. At first some were selected which were playthings, or merely ornamental, but the parents took little interest in articles of this character; they were regarded as mere waste of time, and have gradually been discarded.

The different objects must be gradually more difficult. When the child is able to make any model satisfactorily he passes on to the next. He must never be kept doing the same thing over and over again. Useless repetition is almost sure to disgust. The man has to do the same thing over and over again, but the child works to learn, not to live.

Lastly I may mention that the objects selected are such as not to require any expensive outlay in the matter of tools.

The result, we are assured, gives much satisfaction to the parents, and great pleasure to the children.

A weak point in our present educational system is that it does not awaken interest sufficiently to enable children generally to continue their education after leaving school. Yet in addition to all other advantages a wise education ought greatly to brighten life. Browning speaks of the wild joy of living; but that is not the sense in which life is ordinarily spoken of by the poet. They generally allude to it in a very different sense, as when Pope spoke of it as "life's poor play," observing in another passage, —

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy,
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;

while I. ytton said, —

With each year's decay,
Fades, year by year, the heart's young bloom
away.

A well-known hymn lays it down as an
incontrovertible proposition:—

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care.

But this is to a great extent our own fault. Too often we fritter away life, and La Bruyère truly observes that many men employ much of their time in making the rest miserable. Few of us feel this as we ought, some not at all. We see so clearly, feel so keenly the misery and wretchedness around us that we fail to realize the blessings lavished upon us. Yet the path of life is paved with enjoyments. There is room for all at the great table of nature. She provides without stint the main requisites of human happiness. To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over the ploughshare; or to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray: "these," said Ruskin, "were the things that made men happy."

Some years ago I paid a visit to the principal lake villages of Switzerland in company with a distinguished archaeologist, M. Morlot. To my surprise I found that his whole income was £100 a year, part of which, moreover, he spent in making a small museum. I asked him whether he contemplated accepting any post or office, but he said certainly not. He valued his leisure and opportunities as priceless possessions far more than silver or gold, and would not waste any of his time in making money. Just think of our advantage here in London. We have access to the whole literature of the world; we may see in our National Gallery the most beautiful productions of former generations, and in the Royal Academy and other galleries the works of the greatest living artists. Perhaps there is no one who has ever found time to see the British Museum thoroughly. Yet consider what it contains; or rather, what does it not contain? The most gigantic of living and extinct animals, the marvellous monsters of geological ages, the most beautiful birds, and shells, and minerals, the most interesting antiquities, curious and fantastic specimens illustrating different races of men; exquisite gems, coins, glass, and china; the Elgin marbles, the remains of the mausoleum of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus; ancient monuments of Egypt and Assyria; the rude implements of our predecessors in England who were coeval with the hippopotamus and rhinoceros,

the musk-ox and the mammoth; and the most beautiful specimens of Greek and Roman art. In London we may unavoidably suffer, but no one has any excuse for being dull. And yet some people *are* dull. They talk of a better world to come, while whatever dullness there may be here is all their own. Sir Arthur Helps has well said: "What! dull, when you do not know what gives its loveliness of form to the lily, its depth of color to the violet, its fragrance to the rose; when you do not know in what consists the venom of the adder, any more than you can imitate the glad movements of the dove. What! dull, when earth, air, and water are all alike mysteries to you, and when as you stretch out your hand you do not touch anything the properties of which you have mastered; while all the time nature is inviting you to talk earnestly with her, to understand her, to subdue her, and to be blessed by her! Go away, man; learn something, do something, understand something, and let me hear no more of your dullness."

Not, of course, that happiness is the highest object of life, but if we endeavor to keep our bodies in health, our minds in use and in peace, and to promote the happiness of those around us, our own happiness will generally follow.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
ONLY NATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"OF ALL THE FISH IN THE SEA, HERRING
IS KING."

THE winter fishing season had begun in earnest at the seaport town of Lothendene. The visitors' season was a thing of the past, and such few summer visitors as lingered on were made to feel that fact by the absence of any provision for their recreation, unless they might be content to find it in the all-absorbing business of sea and land—the great herring trade.

All day in the bright October weather, the fishing-floats, with their rich, orange-brown sails, came gliding in from the north seas, to enter the service of the monarch of the place, the mighty King Herring.

Nets for his assistance from his watery home, strewed four miles of coast. Scotch, Newcastle, and Scarborough fishwives

came over by hundreds to assist in his transformation from herring to kipper and bloater. Troops of town's women known as "beatsters" were engaged, beating-needle in hand, in mending rents in the nets all along the coast, and in the "beating-houses" or net-chambers, in the low road even with the beach. Carts loaded with nets rattled all day to and from the harbor. The sea breeze was steeped in their odor of oil and tar.

Rope-makers, girded with bands of manilla, backed all day on the rope-walk, making ropes for more nets still. Copper for their tanning sent columns of black smoke from their tall chimneys, filling the air with the strong odor and noxious flavor—peculiarly distasteful to the unaccustomed tongue and throat.

In the evening the Scotch crews paraded the town, the neat uniformity of their attire, close-fitting navy blue serge with becoming red or amber necktie, giving much picturesqueness to the narrow streets. The men are usually in groups to themselves, for the "kipper girls" are either still engaged in the herring-shops, as the places where they work are called, or are busy shopping, choosing perhaps the wools for their interminable knitting, to which they devote almost every minute that is not employed in "kippering." The beatsters sometimes make the street rather too lively as they rush home from work at six o'clock; but the Scotch girls, as all the north-country fishwives are termed, are as a rule too industrious to be noisy. Not that they are indifferent to enjoyment, for there is often a rush from the workshops to lodgings to exchange the "oilies," waterproof skirts and sleeves, for hat and feathers, and all meet adornment for attendance at the theatre. And for this luxury they not seldom have to atone by appearing before dawn at the herring-shop, to which they generally repair with bare heads and arms, however cold the weather. But the penance of the extra morning hour does not damp their enthusiasm for the last night's performance, which they describe to the others with high eulogiums, always ending with the declaration, "Eh! but 'twas fine!"

On some evenings, just as the knitters have seated themselves at their lodgings round the fire, and set themselves tasks to be achieved before bed-time, there will come an ominous knock at the door, always replied to at such times from within, by the question, asked in patient disappointment, or stolid resignation, "Is it herring?" meaning the questioner's sur-

mise that a fresh lot has arrived at the shop, and that the master has sent for them, to finish the day's work. So with very little murmuring the comfortable fire-side and knitting-needles are exchanged for the herring-tub and kipper-knife.

But if the herring is the presiding genius of the place, the High Light is the good genius of the herring, and all concerned in the great herring trade.

For twenty miles, the utmost verge of the horizon, that bountiful radiance is shed. The five great shafts of lights go sweeping slowly over sea and coast, lighting the fishing-boats, past the sandhills that throw up a white line of spray a mile from shore and that have wrecked hundreds of good ships and countless fishing-vessels in former days, and lie there now ready for the destruction of the unwary barque that mistakes its road.

This High Light consists of a round tower, forty feet high, and twenty in diameter—surmounted by a glass cupola, containing eleven burners with reflecting cylinders. It was built by the Trinity House, when Samuel Pepys, secretary to the admiralty, was master.

No position on the east coast of England could be finer than that occupied by the snowy tower, nested in rich trees, to which, at night, its light shafts, sweeping over, render a spring-like freshness of hue, even in late summer.

To its right lies the town with its busy harbor and fish-market. At its left extends the magnificent line of cliffs, golden at this time of the year, with yellowing bracken and flowering furze, warm of hue, even on a dull day, but gorgeous in the sunshine.

Down below the lighthouse tower in its woody nest, between it and the sea, spread the Denes, those four miles of grass-grown sands, said by the oldest inhabitants of Lothendene to have been but in their lifetime deserted by the sea. These Denes have patches of gorse and fern and bramble which harbor a pretty wild bird of a reddish tinge, with a peculiar monotonous cry—a thing which gives an air of woodland solitude and familiar homeliness to the otherwise wild desolation of that end of the coast northward of the High Light. It is curious that the wild flowers of the Denes, where everything else is large and spacious and rugged, are of the minutest kind, so tiny, indeed, as to be imperceptible to all but an eye in loving search of them and to which these daintily finished beauties are familiar.

At the bright and promising opening of

that year's fishing season, the happiest man in Lothendene was the underkeeper at the High Light. He lived in one of the two trim white cottages that are built so as to surround the base of the tower, and to this home he had brought, at the beginning of the summer, the prettiest beatster in Lothendene as his wife.

Every one who knew Ralph Sharman owned him to be one of the worthiest of young men, and for once, at least, it seemed that worth had met its due reward.

He, at all events, felt very sure he would not wish to exchange his lot in life with any one, no, not even with any of the Trinity masters themselves, and among them were the highest in the land, some being of royal blood, who came at uncertain intervals on surprise visits to see there was no omission of duty on the part of the two keepers.

Any hour, any moment of the night some of them might come with their silent keys to assure themselves there was no neglect of this grand, merciful light, held out by tender mother earth for the guidance of her wandering sons on the dark wilderness of waters.

But little cared Ralph Sharman how sudden or frequent or secret were the masters' visits so far as he was himself concerned. He would as soon have thought of rushing out to murder the visitors who came and stood looking up at the lighthouse, as risking the lives of a crew at sea by neglecting for a moment on his nights of duty (which were alternate with his principal's) his precious and sacred charge.

Yet it is too often proved that in these very things in which men account themselves strongest, that, either by sudden temptation to sin (such as Peter's when he denied his Lord), or by the crushing hand of fate, their mortal weakness and helplessness is taught them.

Such a lesson was to be taught to Ralph Sharman, and to prove, as it long seemed, the destruction of his bright happiness, his brighter hopes, his reason, and his life. And never perhaps was man less prepared for any kind of disaster than Ralph that week which had in store for him the first great trial of his life, to put him to an ordeal that would try to the utmost every good and true quality of which he was possessed.

His wife was the daughter of a fisherman who owned a fishing-boat, and lived in a cottage on the cliffs. There had at first appeared to be an obstacle to her

marriage, an obstacle which, in the opinion of Sharman's relatives, should have been insuperable.

This was a little child, said to have been left on Esther's hands by his parents a year or more since, and so beloved by her that no reasoning could induce her to part with him till, she said, his parents claimed him.

Sharman had been at sea five years before the year of his appointment to the lighthouse, and knew nothing of the time when, as he was told, the parents had lodged at the cottage of Esther's father.

When he first returned to Lothendene and was trying for his present situation, little Sidney, or "Siddy," as he called himself, was a year old, and one of the most lovely and engaging of children, the admiration of all the mothers in the fishing district when Esther carried him through it.

His hair was light as the manilla with which the ropemakers girded their waists in the rope-walk in front of his nurse's cottage. His eyes were blue and full of love and merriment, his limbs round, creamy, and dimpled, his prattle and his laughter like sounds from a world where sorrow had not entered.

And this child Esther refused to give up (unless his parents claimed him), even for a husband.

But for this charge of hers, Esther had, for some time before her marriage, no need to seek any work beyond her own home duties. From childhood, however, she had occasionally worked as a beatster on the Denes and in the beating-chambers. She had also learnt the kippering. When she found that little Sidney was left on her hands she spent every available moment at the net-mending, at which her hand was particularly neat and swift.

When the herring season came on she had left Sidney to her mother's care, and engaged herself at one of the fish-merchants for full wages—sixteen shillings a week—being sometimes at her task from six in the morning till ten at night.

It was at her stand at the herring-tub Ralph Sharman first noticed her on his return from sea.

Esther was fair-haired and blue-eyed, and had long chrome eyelashes, and a dash of chrome freckles on her otherwise clear, faintly tinted cheeks. She had full lips with a saintly calm about them. Her head was well poised on a finely turned throat.

She wore a short, dark, linsey petticoat tucked to the waist, red stockings, neat,

low shoes, and a light print jacket with puffed sleeves, only just covering the shoulders of her pretty arms. She usually had a red plaid handkerchief to pin over her head on her way to and from the herring-house.

It was there Ralph Sharman had first thought Esther's little hands were too pretty to have been made for splitting herrings, and her voice too soft to be fit for answering the broad-tongued northerners who worked beside her.

Ralph had at once fallen deeply in love with her, and had made excuses for calling in frequently at the cottage of her father, with whom he had been out as one of the crew of his smack when a little lad.

When he was told suddenly of Sidney, Ralph left off his visits and tried to avoid Esther in every way. He had been told by a rejected lover of Esther's in a manner which would have alarmed a less faithful lover.

But at that early part of his acquaintance with Esther, the first shock of the fiendish hint soon passed away. The serene innocence of her face, the chaste and gentle demeanor which distinguished her from others of her class and craft for many months, dispersed all doubt from Ralph's mind and heart.

He became her constant and persevering suitor, and left her no peace till she accepted him. Then came the attack on poor Esther from Ralph's parents as to her giving up the child to the workhouse.

Against this Esther stood out firmly. She never expected, she said, or wished to be married, while Sidney was in her charge, and she advised Ralph to forget her, but she would never give the child up or cease to work for him till his parents claimed him.

So eventually, Ralph put all scruples on this point and joy-destroying doubts from him, and trusting to his own instinct, which assured him that Esther was all noble as well as all loving, set her calumniators at defiance, and the banns of marriage between Ralph Sharman, bachelor, and Esther Wyatt, spinster, both of Lothendene, were published three times at the old parish church of St. Katharine's in the Fields.

The wedding passed off with much content and joy as regarded the happy pair themselves, though it was attended by an accident which was looked on by the superstitious as fatal to their future welfare. The nearest way from the cliffs of Lothendene to St. Katharine's in the Fields was then over Golden Bridge, concerning

which exists a time-honored tradition that none but Ralph and Esther had ever disregarded, and which for centuries has kept any one passing over it to be married.

It is said that a certain king of the East Angles when hiding from his Danish foes under this bridge, was detected by a newly married couple crossing over it, who recognized him by his gold spurs, and betrayed him to the Danes, who instantly put him to death — but not before he had pronounced a curse upon every couple who should pass over that bridge to be married.

Ralph and Esther having been detained at the bride's home by the admonitory speeches of her father, would have been too late for the marriage to take place that day had they not passed over Golden Bridge.

Though Esther had only shown a laughing reluctance to do so, the pitying reproaches and solemn commiseration of her neighbors and her mother on her return from church, did not fail, Ralph could see, to make her paler and more nervous than she would otherwise have been.

But the first hour at her trim, neat home at the lighthouse, the garden of which was then gay with spring flowers, dispersed the gloomy influence. Every golden crocus and daffodil seemed glowing with the sunshine of love and hope.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOME AT THE HIGH LIGHT.

FROM the time of their marriage in April, till the beginning of the fishing season in October, nothing came to cloud the happiness of Ralph and Esther.

Working in his flower garden or strip of allotment ground, while Esther watched him with her knitting in her hands, and Siddy prattling to him at her side, occupied Ralph's free hours by day. On the evenings of his free nights he read aloud books of travel and adventure, which made them both feel the more grateful for their own lot of peace and security.

On his nights of watching Esther sometimes stood with him on the little terrace surrounding the lantern, and they held each other's hand, looking up at the starlit heavens, and thanked their Maker with a voiceless and wordless but profound joy, that their lives were cast in such pleasant places.

As to the presence of Siddy, that only seemed to be a source of mutual sympathy and pleasure, and to Ralph a sort of

earnest and prophecy of a deeper, tenderer joy of the same kind in the future.

When he saw Esther hushing Sidney to sleep in her arms, or his light head nestling against hers, he thought if the child of strangers brought such sweet, maternal softness to her face, how much more lovely would it appear smiling down some day on a little one of her very own. In this way, then, Sidy was soon almost as much beloved by his nurse's husband as by his nurse herself, and it caused real grief and anxiety in the lighthouse cottage when the child was taken seriously ill.

His complaint, eventually, proved one incidental to a child of his age, but the young couple, inexperienced in such matters, took alarm, and made sure that his life was in the greatest danger.

Ralph sat up with him on his "nights off," while the light was guarded by his principal.

This principal, John Thesler, was considerably older than Sharman, and he and his wife were quiet, kindly neighbors, just friendly enough to be comfortable in such close quarters as the two cottages which looked like one, round the lighthouse tower.

Thesler, however, had one weakness, from which Sharman was happily free. He liked a glass and the sound of his own voice at the Flying Fish, on the Norfolk road, and generally gave himself this indulgence between nine and ten in the evening. That is, on Sharman's "nights on" *only*. On his own nights he was all self-discipline and stern duty.

On that night which was to bring to a sudden close Ralph and Esther's blissful honeymoon, Thesler thought, as he met his subordinate on the tower stairs, that he looked so weary and heavy with sleep, he felt a touch of compunction at leaving him, though it *was* his night.

Ralph had then been going out to get Sidy's medicine from a chemist, and had looked rather cheerful, and told him the child seemed better.

"What's the matter?" Thesler asked now as he smoothed his hat preparatory to his departure for the Flying Fish, for it was his "night off," "the child isn't worse again, is he?"

"Not that I know of," answered Sharman, and whether Thesler's ears deceived him or not, he could never feel quite sure, but it certainly seemed to him that Ralph muttered something that sounded very like "curse him." Something, at all events, that Thesler did not care to try to understand just then.

Thesler went out for his hour's relaxation, troubling himself no more.

The fact was Ralph and Esther had exchanged that evening what they often remembered afterwards with bitter regret as their "first wry word."

Ralph on his way home with Sidy's medicine had been insultingly taunted with his wife's devotion to the child.

Though he knew her to be as little deserving of such demoniacal suggestions as the angels in heaven, he felt irritated, and for the first time angry with Esther, that she could, even for the child's sake, expose him and herself to the world's vile hints.

Esther, absorbed in her little charge, and her fight for his life, placed, humanly speaking, so entirely in her hands, and perfectly unconscious of Ralph's grievance, demanded some slight service of him, which he impatiently, almost roughly, refused.

Esther, who had not yet laid down the sceptre of bridehood, retorted with some passion, telling him he did not care whether the child lived or died, but she would not trouble him further.

But no sooner had he gone than she repented, and reproached herself without mercy.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, "he has been late, and kept Thesler waiting; they have perhaps had words about it, and Ralph is cross." But this being the first time she had known that indescribable bitterness of having to make excuses for her beloved (a bitterness out of which some women have to find their only comfort), Esther when she had given Sidy his draught and soothed him to sleep, could not keep from tears.

Ralph stood on the little terrace, at his post of duty. His heart beat violently. His brow was clouded. The whole scene before him over which the great shafts of light swept, seemed changed to him.

There were two little moving lines of fishing-boats coming in. The night was ominous-looking, the wind shifting and treacherous. But Ralph did not notice what sort of night it was. Try as he would, he could not attend to his duties.

When Thesler had been gone about three quarters of an hour Sharman felt he could no longer keep himself from going down to Esther, to disperse the black cloud that had come between them.

The little parlor was deserted. A night light burned in the bedroom, where Esther had retired with the child.

Ralph found them both asleep. Sidy's

dimpled hand was spread fondly on Esther's pale cheek. Her rich waving tresses fell like a lovely curtain round his golden head. The eyelids of both were swollen with weeping.

And a picture of such innocence, beauty, and love, could but touch a heart so pure and good as Ralph's, and charm away his evil mood.

And now, by some cruel fatality, the peace that ensued at this passive reconciliation with her so soothed his troubled mind that a heavy languor overcame him.

The deep slumber of the weary child and nurse proved fatally contagious.

Ralph Sharman slept — slept profoundly — heavily.

Meantime, Thesler, without a fear, discussed politics at the Flying Fish.

The little fleet of home-returning fishing-boats came trustingly on through the confusing gusts and swelling billows.

How their crews blessed the great shafts of light that swept over their danger-bestrewn path harborwards!

But the shafts of light suddenly fail.

The great bright eye on the hill, to which all sailors look, is gone!

All is total darkness, and there lie those deathly sandhills between them and the longed-for harbor.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRINITY MASTERS.

RALPH SHARMAN slept the sleep of exhausted nature, and the sleep of a ruffled spirit that had been restored to peace. His slumber was as innocent as that of the child whose illness had cost him the repose which nature now so inconveniently and imperatively demanded.

No more thought than that sleeping child beside him had Ralph of the neglected light, the fishing-boats signalling in darkness and distress, the hundreds waking in alarm in the town.

Calmly, deeply, he slept, till he was awakened by his wife seizing his arm. He started up. Esther stood by him with a shawl wrapped round her.

"Ralph, Ralph!" she cried in a terrified whisper. "Oh, my poor heart, you have slept, and Thesler is out, and the brethren, the Trinity masters, are here."

Ralph dashed his hand to his still heavy eyes, and groaned. His memory had helped him to realize all but the stopping of the light. He knew that some of the Trinity masters had come and found him asleep.

In this was ruin, without need of further knowledge. Feeling almost more dead than alive he got up and followed the sound of descending footsteps to his little parlor.

Here two forms stood in silence. They took no notice of Ralph, but looked beyond him towards the door.

While he was trying to moisten the roof of his mouth with his tongue that he might have power to speak, more feet descended the stairs, and another gentleman came into the room with the rules for the government of the lighthouse — taken from the upper landing — in his hands.

The rules were handed in silence to one of the two whom Ralph had followed into the room. He read them aloud while Ralph held the table, and with every drop of blood collected, as it seemed, at his heart, and surging wildly from thence to his brain.

When the reading of the rules was over, the reader said in a voice where Ralph heard his doom, —

"Return *now* to your neglected duty. *To-morrow* you will hear from us — you and your principal."

Moving like a machine in obedience to the command, Ralph came out of the room and ascended to the lantern.

As he did so his wife with the child in her arms passed him. She had thrown a shawl over her nightdress, but her hair, like manilla caught by the wind, streamed round her pale face, and she looked so distraught, Ralph would have forced her back, but he dared not stay.

Turning to cast one agonized look after her, he saw her throw herself at the feet of Captain Dacre, who had read the rules, and heard her cry, —

"Mercy! oh sir, have mercy on us! Look, it was for your own flesh and blood. He wore himself out till sleep overcame him."

"It has sent the poor woman mad," Ralph heard Captain Dacre say in a natural and feeling voice. "Is there no one to see to her?"

At that moment Thesler, having been fetched by his servant-girl, entered the room to apologize for his absence "on business" and to explain that it was not his "night on."

"You will hear from us to-morrow," answered Captain Dacre with quiet emphasis. "Let your wife look to this poor woman, she seems to have fainted."

Thesler, having heard nothing of Esther's distracted appeal to Captain Dacre, followed him and the two gentlemen who

accompanied him to the door, with an abject show of respect and contrition.

He then sent his wife to Esther and went up to the lantern. He found the light set right, and Sharman rubbing the mist from the glass, and looking, Thesler thought at first, as though nothing unusual had occurred.

Still seeing late events as a sort of wild dream from which he should presently awake, and attributing the illusion to the fact of his having stayed longer than usual at the Flying Fish, Thesler remarked, "Surely we shan't have to pay for this night with our berths, my boy?"

"Who cares?" responded Sharman, rubbing the glass with still more energy.

Thesler gave a deep and prolonged sigh. "Eh, but it's a rare good home to lose," he said. "The Lord forgive us, lad! Our wives won't."

"Wives!" echoed Sharman, looking round at him, and showing Thesler for the first time that his eyes glared like those of one in some deadly quarrel. "Speak for your own. As for the other, she may go and split herrings again or beg bread for her brat, she'll get no more from me."

"It's turned his brain," said Thesler to himself, as he went down to face his own domestic troubles. Although Thesler had suggested they should both lose their berths, he had a certain consolatory prediction in his misfortune that the fact of its not being his night for watching would render his punishment lighter than his companion's.

His wife had revived Esther, and seen her seated at her little parlor fire.

"It fare to near kill her," said Mrs. Thesler. "She look white as lint."

The principal's wife was not a bad-hearted woman, and feeling quite unconscious of the danger to her own husband from the night's accident, could afford Esther her full sympathy at present. She was a Lothendene woman, born and bred, and spoke in the true Lothendene tongue — using the old word "fare" for "seems," and saying "she look" instead of "she looks."

Thesler filled and lit his pipe, and smoked in silence. His mind was full of drowsy and hazy speculation as to the probable consequences of the night to himself, but he judged it best not to speak of these to his wife lest she should beguile him into either too sanguine or too despondent a view of them.

He had drawn the parlor blind up, for it was soothing to him, after the fright, to sit and see the five shafts of light going

their regular course, lighting up as they did so his cherry-tree in snowy bloom and then the sheet of arabis in the corner. He could do nothing, as he told Mrs. Thesler, for Ralph did not want his company, being as savage as a mad dog. Then too the glasses, convivial and political, he had taken at the Flying Fish helped to influence him on the side of rest and patience and reasonable hope till the morning.

Ralph Sharman did not give a thought that night to what was to come. He forgot the existence of the Trinity brethren. He only felt that with that stopping of the light, all that was divine, all that was hope, all that was joy, all that was reason, in the machinery of life and of the world, had stopped too. The great light blazed forth again, but for Ralph it shone on a world of wreck and havoc, misery and disgrace.

Esther sat in the rocking-chair at her fireside for the rest of that sad night. Her suffering was not only for Ralph's awful disaster. She endured also the sorrow of feeling she had by her passionate words to Captain Dacre perhaps undone the work to which she had devoted herself for the last three years — the noblest work of her life, as noble a work, perhaps, as ever woman so young undertook.

When Sidy coughed Esther rose and went to the bedside. His cough ceased again, but she stood still gazing at him as he slept.

As she bent over the sleeping child her face was full of love as well as sorrow, but it was not a mother's love. It was something higher, holier still. It was the love of a woman thinking of and trusting in the promise of her Saviour, when he said, "*Whosoever shall receive one of these children in my name receiveth me.*"

"It can't be for long," said Esther to herself, kneeling in tears beside the bed, yet smiling through her tears on Sidy's angelic beauty. "His mother can't fare to do without him. She *must* claim him, and put an end to my misery and my poor Ralph's — the precious little love! She *must*, even if it's to the ruin of her grand hopes and her husband's; claim him they *must* — it's only nature."

CHAPTER IV.

SENT FORTH.

No bank in the city that had suddenly stopped payment was more talked of, or

stared at, than the High Light on the morning following its temporary failure.

The Denes were dotted with groups of net-carters and townsfolds, gossiping over the story of Ralph Sharman's disgrace.

Thesler with the keenest and most restless anxiety, and Ralph with the recklessness of despair, awaited the commands of the Trinity brethren.

These arrived not that day, but the next.

The sanguine anticipations of Thesler were prophetic. He was merely transferred to Sharman's place, and that only for a time, while the principal at the Low Light was put over him.

Sharman was dismissed summarily from the High Light, and with stern mercy was appointed to the most dreary and isolated lighthouse on the English coast, or rather sea, for it stood on an island of rocks nearly half a mile from land.

As this was allowed him as an alternative for being dismissed from the service with disgrace, there was clearly no hope that his heavy punishment would, like Thesler's light one, be of short duration. His appointment to this dismal and danger-begirt spot was so worded as to show it was *all* he need expect from the service, and that this leniency was only shown him in consideration of his previous good character.

Sharman knew as he read the letter a second time in the garden — the garden that though gay with asters and dahlias had, like Eden, lost its charm — Sharman knew that Esther had come timidly to his side, as he stood with the dreaded letter in his hand.

Not one word had he spoken to her since that terrible night, except when, once or twice, he had as she came in his way turned savagely upon her, bidding her begone to her father.

As he stood reading the letter he heard her anxious breathing close to him, and felt her anxious loving eyes upon him. He suddenly held it out to her, saying in an icy voice, —

"Is this what your influence with the Trinity masters has brought us?"

Esther knew then he had heard her wild words to Captain Dacre, and her pale cheek burned.

She read the letter with the intentness and awe of one knowing it contained the doom of her beloved.

"Oh Ralph!" she murmured, with white lips as she gave it back to him, "it won't be! It can't be. You'll never go there?"

"Go!" he almost shouted, drawing back as she was about to lay her hand on his arm, "where is it I would *not* go, rather than stay where those that know me may see me and my shame, my misery."

Esther went indoors and sat down on a chair near the window.

For nearly an hour Ralph continued walking up and down the garden, and occasionally it seemed to Esther's yearning and watchful eyes that his face lost some of its sternness as he looked down at the flowers they had reared and tended together.

How often is the sweet, sad story of Eden acted over and over again in its different phases of wealth and poverty, innocence and guilt!

The black despair on so boyish and ingenuous a face as Ralph's filled his wife's heart with anguish. Again and again she tried to approach and comfort him, but he always drove her from him, crying, —

"Go to your father!" — bitterness of bitter words to a wife, who has forsaken that father for the man who utters them, bitterness of all to poor Esther, who, since that fatal night, had been in cruel uncertainty as to her father's fate.

Three boats had been missing, and his was one of them.

At Esther's former home her mother was surrounded by gossips, condemning Ralph's conduct, and bemoaning the mischief done, and still likely to be done.

Thesler's wife would now hardly speak to her, regarding her husband as the cause of Thesler's degradation.

Siddy only had clung to the poor girl in those fearful days and nights. He seemed conscious of her sorrow, and troubled by it, and to bestow upon her a more than childish tenderness. At Ralph's coldness and neglect Siddy was extremely puzzled, and sometimes tearfully aggrieved. Numerous were the pretty arts and allurements by which he tried to attract his attention. But Ralph avoided him as though he had been as vile and hateful as he was innocent and lovely.

There was a sale of poor Esther's household treasures — a sad business for one to whom they were still so new, and considering they had till now been associated with nothing but life's greatest joy, and were in many instances the gift of those dear to her.

When the rooms were empty, and Esther had a bundle of things in her arm and held Siddy by the hand, ready to go to her mother's house (which was still one of anxiety and alarm for her absent father),

she went up to her husband on the landing where he was at work.

He was to start, he had heard, for the Tuskrock Lighthouse on the following day at noon.

"Good-night, Ralph," sobbed Esther, her heart seeming ready to break. "You'll come round to mother's to-morrow before you go?"

"No," he answered, not looking at her; "I shall go straight from here."

"Oh Ralph! You would not leave me in anger?" pleaded Esther.

"Not if you let me go in such peace as I may, if I am left alone."

Esther turned away with a bitter sigh, and went to bid the Theslers farewell.

Thesler had the grace to promise her he would acquaint her somehow with the time of her husband's departure, so that she might manage to see him last thing before he went—a prospect which afforded her enough comfort to keep her from utterly breaking down.

After gathering a little bouquet of asters and mignonette, she turned from her small paradise with the anguish of her mother Eve, but without her companion in banishment.

As for Siddy, *he* found all the world gay and lovable wherever Esther was.

For the first time since she had dressed herself for her wedding, Esther went up to her little bedroom at her father's house. It seemed to her that she, the maiden Esther of those days, had been dead and buried, and that now she was trying vainly to recall her to life, as she arranged in the tiny chamber, looking seawards, the things she thought she had lain down forever.

Neighbors still kept coming in to disturb her mother with news of misadventures at sea, through the accident of Ralph's night of misfortune.

Esther did her best to quiet and soothe her, telling her nothing was yet known of her father's boat, and that it was probably in some other harbor, undergoing repairs before it could come home. She listened to her with so little attention that Esther felt she had lost her old influence over her. So hard is the return to the first home to a wife who has had her own and lost it!

Before she slept that night Esther resolved that rather than let Ralph go away in anger she would break her vow to Siddy's parents and tell him all. But she trusted and prayed that the near prospect of their parting would touch his heart, and restore to him his old faith in her.

With this hope she hastened to the High Light the next morning, instead of waiting for Thesler to send to her as he had promised to do.

She did not see Ralph about the garden, but met Thesler coming towards her.

He wished her good-morning. His manner, constrained and half-pitying, gave Esther a thrill of fear.

"Where is Ralph?" she asked almost voicelessly.

Thesler looked on the ground, and coughed uneasily.

"Tell me where he is, for God's sake," said Esther with a forced quietness.

Thesler, thus appealed to, raised his arm and pointed to a trail of smoke over the sea.

"Do you see that steamer?" he said.

"Yes," answered Esther; "what has it to do with us—with Ralph—where is he?"

"He is in it," replied Thesler.

"No, no," cried Esther, "it couldn't be. I couldn't bear that."

"He had orders to leave for Harmouth by that steamer, and to go from there to the Tusks to-night."

The poor girl, now convinced, gave a cry, and with it a wild dashing of her clasped hands towards the sea, then fell like a dead thing on the threshold of her former home.

CHAPTER V.

THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE TUSKS.

No description in words could give a true idea of the awful desolation of Ralph Sharman's new home.

The group of rocks known as the Tusks, showed as hideous forms as ever rose from the sea; from the midst of these rose the lighthouse.

A painter might give the picture of the tall white tower with those surrounding forms, up which the spray leaped forever, making by its whiteness a livid contrast to the slimy black of the rocks.

A master of music might perhaps find notes in which to express the roar, the seething and the dash of the intercepted waves, but no words may do so. And if they fail to render any idea of the spot in its usual state, more utterly must they fail to describe it as it was in the storms that fatal October, gloomy with wrecks and rumors of wrecks, on all parts of the English coast, when the roar became as a voice from the depths of infernal regions, when the seething became as though the whole foundations of things was being

sucked to their destruction, and the dash was like a charge of water demons on the lighthouse walls.

Yet wild and indeed terrific as all around him was, Ralph Sharman might in time have accustomed himself to the scene. His mind, had he been alone, might have recovered its balance, and he would perhaps have waited in patience for release from the rack of shame, doubt, misery, and anger on which he had been bound since that awful night.

But, unfortunately, not only the savage aspect of outer nature had to be endured by him in his new home, but human nature in its most hateful forms also. The three men under him—chosen for their post, perhaps, because none better would accept it—were the most uncouth and revolting specimens of humanity it had ever been Ralph's fate to meet.

In the first place he found they were acquainted with the reason of his dismissal from Lothendene, and were prepared to show him the utmost contempt, disobedience, and insubordination in its most trying forms. All was confusion, and riot, and misery, day and night, without and within.

Sharman complained to one of the authorities who came to visit the lighthouse one day. He was answered curtly and not without contemptuous pity.

"You can't expect things to go along as smoothly here as they did at Lothendene. You were placed here by the great leniency of the brethren on purpose to subordinate these fellows and make them do their duty."

"Only brute force can do that," answered Sharman in despair. "And what is one against three young ruffians like these?"

The official shrugged his shoulders and said,—

"Well, I suppose you mean to make the best of it?" and took his departure after a very mild word of warning to the three rebels.

Sometimes, listening to the gibes, brutish mirth, and worse quarrelling of these fiends in human shape, as he called them in his despair, Ralph asked himself could it be that eternal punishment had in truth begun for him. Was this the form of torment he had to bear forever?

Had that last delicious slumber of the High Light, brought on so overpoweringly by no more evil a stimulant than over-zeal for those dear to him, and the influence of that sweetest lullaby, the gentle breathing of the beloved—had that sleep been

death, and did all that had happened since belong to another world? Was *this* eternity—eternity of torment? What more could there be wanting to make a hell for him? he wondered.

Here was change from the homeliest and fairest of scenes to one of savage desolation, from the healthiest discipline and order to havoc and rebellion, from respect and approval to disgrace and mockery. His wife's fair fame was to the world overhung by a cloud he could not try to penetrate. Her father's fate was still a matter of awful suspense to him.

Perhaps what tried Ralph most was the apparent impossibility for him to take refuge from his misery in work, for it seemed for weeks utterly impossible for him to do so with these wretches always interposing between him and duty.

Not Job's comforters themselves were wider of the truth in trying to fathom the mystery of his afflictions than was Ralph Sharman in seeking to account for his. Sometimes he told himself he had been too happy, too confident. He had not perhaps paid the tax due for such prosperity as his had been.

Were there friends in need he might have aided and had neglected? Had he been too selfishly absorbed by his own happiness? Had his acknowledgments been too few and cold to the Great Giver of his blessings? Thus asked himself this warmest of friends, most unselfish of men, this most deeply grateful and devout of hearts.

There came tender letters from Esther, meant to give him the comfort and strength he so needed, but these were intercepted, destroyed by his tyrants, and he never knew during his wretched life there that she had written.

And Thesler sat complaining by Sharman's once blissful fireside, asking, "What have I done to deserve this downcome in the world?"

Sharman was too humble even to find comfort in the thought that he was submitting to the divine will. He believed that will had intended his life to be one of happiness, profitable to those around him, and that therefore it must be something in himself had changed it.

Yet he had no tangible thing with which to reproach himself so as to be able to find relief in wholesome remorse; for even remorse is a kind of food to sustain the hungry soul, snatched from every happiness on which it has lived, and left starving. It is employment for the mind, accounting to it for its misery, and helping

it to search for the possibilities of atonement and relief.

Day after day, week after week, did this poor exile, while keeping the light for the guidance of others on that desolate sea, seek and pray in his soul for some ray of heavenly light on his own dark fate.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE OLD HOME.

WHEN the Theslers had restored Esther to consciousness, they gave her excellent advice as to the manner best befitting a Christian young woman, of taking such reverses as had come to her, and emphatically condemned the wickedness of "giving way."

Poor Esther listened patiently, and tried to take the advice and the cup of tea they gave her with it, as resignedly as she could.

"Of course," said the former principal of the High Light, "you won't delay a day now in sending that youngster to the workhouse?"

Bright color rushed to the girl's face and light to her eyes. She looked round the room—formerly the object of her pride and simple taste—and said, not without a sigh, "Siddy will be everything to me now that I have no home."

"Then you need never hope for kindness from Ralph Sharman," declared Thesler emphatically.

It was in Esther's mind to turn upon him and demand who was kinder to the child than Ralph before the cruel blow had come, but the girl had her own thought and her own smothered bitterness as to Thesler's conduct on the night of the calamity, so she dared not trust herself to speak more than to say hurriedly, —

"Well, I'll thank you and wish you good-morning. And if you hear any news before me, I know you'll let me hear."

"Ay, ay," answered Thesler; "but don't be headstrong, my lass, think over what I've said to you about that child."

"There's no hurt comes of thinking, Esther," added Mrs. Thesler, who was fond of uttering such harmless comments on her husband's remarks.

"Oh, no," agreed Esther meekly.

"Good-morning," said the two together, as they watched her pinning her little shawl under her chin with trembling hands.

"And," said Thesler, "do try and bear up like a brave lass, for your mother's sake."

"Ah do, Esther," added his wife. "Mother can't help what's happened."

"No," responded Esther, and quietly turned away, leaving them in undisturbed possession of her former home, with a comfortable sense that they had done all that could be expected of them.

How often it is that what the world regards as our greatest trouble, is a merciful possession! Esther, on her way along the sunny Denes would have been as some rudderless barque on her sea of sorrow, but for the sense of duty towards her little charge.

That duty was the pilot of her soul and kept her course safe and steady through all the anguish of the day.

At night as she sat nursing Siddy by her mother's fire, she felt with a sort of thankful surprise, that nothing had been neglected by her of what had come to her hand to do. She had set her mother's house in order, had prepared for her the sort of food she used to like best from Esther's hands, had carried Siddy to the doctor and got his medicine made up, and had seen to everything she could think of for his health and comfort.

Besides fulfilling these home duties, she had written a letter to Ralph—careful and tender. But she was soon to find, to her bitter grief, he would hold no communication with her.

Then too came the miserable news of her father's death at sea, which it was some consolation to her to know had nothing to do with *that* fatal night. But her mother could not be brought to understand this, and Esther's life was made a torment to her of reproaches and repining.

She only seemed to live because she *must* toil to keep the child who had brought her this sorrow alive. The next few months were the weariest and saddest she could have imagined.

CHAPTER VII.

SIDDY'S LADY.

EITHER by his illness or by the trouble he was conscious of around him, Siddy was much changed. He no longer expected amusement to be found for him, nor to engross so much of his nurse's time and attention.

Instead of being in a state of constant mirth and bubbling prattle, like the spring running by his nurse's cottage, he had become rather silent and thoughtful. But Esther found a ready and deep sympathy in his large, watchful eyes whenever they

met her own, which of late had been so sad and tearful. The change that had come to his well-loved young foster parents, their sad separation and the weight of care on Esther, was evidently teaching the child's blithe little soul that the world contained other things than laughter and sunshine, play, love, and caresses. But he met its altered face with a meek and loving spirit, and was still more endearing to Esther than before.

She suffered actual jealousy when, in the course of that summer, Siddy made a new acquaintance, to whom he became most deeply attached.

This was an invalid lady who had come down to Lothendene with some married daughters and their children, but who preferred making her excursions round the neighborhood away from all her friends. She had lost the use of her limbs during an attack of rheumatic fever, and had to be drawn about in a Bath chair. The only proprietor of that luxury in Lothendene was an uncle of Esther's, an old man named Jacobson, whom Siddy sometimes accompanied on his rounds with his chair, occasionally being favored with a ride in it himself. Esther did not know the name of Siddy's new friend, but the boy always called her his lady, and so "my lady" became her customary designation at the cottage.

"My lady," though a grandmother, was still fair and pleasant of countenance. Her eyes were clear and intellectual, her full lips reposeful and benevolent in expression. She was a woman who had too much charm about her still to be so much alone. She was kind to her grandchildren, and generous, but somehow there was little sympathy between them and herself; perhaps they had, and very much by her bounty, known too early the luxuries of life and took them as matters of course. When "my lady" went into ecstasies over their toy books, graced by the exquisite outlines of Caldecott or Walter Crane, and told of the daubs by which children had art introduced to them in her day, the little folks thought her absurdly easily pleased. When she bought them sweets, she was afraid of being taught her own ignorance as to the injuriousness of certain coloring, and could hardly visit the pretty farms west of Lothendene in their company without a certain vulgar proverb concerning eggs running in her memory; for the little folks in their easy petted lives had become exceedingly wise in their own conceit. They forgot that granny had been an idol herself till the last few years.

Only one of her children remembered the fact, and knew half how desolate the world must be to her when her husband and lifelong lover had the narrow green door of earth closed between them. Only one of her children knew the grief she had to bear, and he, she felt, was lost to her, was all unworthy for her to look to for sympathy or comfort. She could turn to no one else, so she turned her comely, grief-lined face as much from the world as possible, and went her ways in Jacobson's old chair, looking at the sea, and the Denes, and the cliffs, and the sky, and even at Siddy's small and shabbily attired figure—at anything in fact rather than to those who ought to have satisfied and comforted her. So unreasonable is human nature under suffering!

The first time Siddy accompanied her he walked with old Jacobson without her knowledge. When her chair went past the next day he looked so wistfully from the cottage door after her that Jacobson called to him to "come on," and as he came the lady took a long look at him through her eyeglass.

"What does the child want?" she asked as he ran up to them.

"Only to walk along of us for company," answered Jacobson.

"Well I have so many of my own little folk," observed the lady, "I came away to be quiet."

"But this yer, you see, mum," remarked Jacobson, "is a horforn out at nurse at my niece's, and reckons on a walk with my chair for company, wen it's no ways ill conwenient to my customers."

"Never mind then, he can come," said the lady, "so long as he doesn't fidget me."

"I won't," promised Siddy confidentially and earnestly to the chairman. There was something in his voice which made the lady look back at him. After that she often spoke to him; and to hear her, Siddy had to run along at the side of her chair, which he did with a timid gallantry very flattering to her. In a few days she began to look for him, and missed him if he kept away, as with a delicate dread of intruding, he sometimes did of his own free infantine will. For form's sake her relations made apologies occasionally for not accompanying her, but she told them she had good company, a little beau who was the dearest, quaintest oddity that ever lived to be three years old. Though rather jealous they were relieved, for it had been hard work to amuse granny since her sharp home trial,

not the trial of her husband's death, but that other trial that might never be mentioned in her hearing. To avoid the remembrance of it she liked to be away from the young people, and enjoy the beauty of the walks round Lothendene without danger of having her wound reopened by thoughtless conversation. It was no doubt a curious eccentricity in granny to find pleasure in the company of Siddy, when she was heart weary of the little ones of her own elegant and gifted daughters. But she was heart weary of them, their tender fingers, touching hers, somehow hurt that inward wound, their familiar voices jarred on the silence of a certain chamber in her heart which she kept as a chamber of death. Their loving familiarities brought painful life into a part of her nature she wished to remain numb and cold.

Siddy's babyish respectfulness of manner and humbly proud reticence before her, while he so evidently hailed the advent of his walk with her as the great event of the day, refreshed and amused her without intruding on the sanctity of that locked-up portion of her heart and sense.

Jacobson was a slow charioteer, but even as such it required a sort of trot on Siddy's part to keep up with him — indeed he found it necessary to give a little skip now and then to avoid dropping back, but managed it with as slight a loss of dignity as possible.

He tried to imitate the gentlemen who did duty in like manner by the invalid chairs on the parade, placing one hand on his side and leaning lightly on the chair with the other, while regarding with cheerful respect and attention its fair occupant.

One day, by braving a danger, of which he probably knew but half the extent, Siddy was enabled to render his lady a service even greater than saving her life, for it saved her from leaving the womanly mission of her life unfulfilled.

Jacobson, when he had conveyed his charge to some picturesque spot, was more prone to use the opportunity to slip off for a glass of beer at the nearest inn, than to remain and meditate on the beauties of nature behind his lady's chair. Since Siddy had accompanied them, these departures from the post of duty had been of much more frequent occurrence; such departures were generally prefaced by an admonitory wink in Siddy's direction, to impress on the child the necessity for him to make himself more than usually attentive and entertaining. For these absences

Jacobson accounted by the supposed necessity for letting some lady or gentleman know when the chair would be ready. If he happened to be away longer than usual, the person he went to see was not up, and to make his story have a greater air of reality, he not unfrequently gave fragments of the history of his customers, many of which were, like his story concerning them, purely imaginary.

On the day of the great Lothendene regatta, the gaiety of which Siddy's lady particularly wished to shun, Jacobson was troubled by the remembrance of a pressing appointment just as the chair pulled up at a beautiful turn of the coast at the end of the line of cliffs.

My lady was, as usual, not reluctant to part with him, and got out her sketching materials. Nor did she forget to hand Siddy his usual little bag of cakes, which had become as essential to these maritime rambles, in her opinion, as the very air and sunshine.

Siddy's manner of receiving such gifts might have graced a courtier. His surprise was just sufficient to be sincere — since, it must be owned, in a thing so regular was not much cause for surprise, and that gentle surprise was accompanied with the faintest deprecation against the necessity for it. Yet with all this manly delicacy of feeling there appeared in the large liquid eyes such genuine childish pleasure, wholly natural in a small boy who had not known too many of the luxuries of life, that whether the bag contained macaroons or sponge cakes, or grapes, or some masterpiece of the confectioner's art, it is certain my lady was repaid for bringing it. If she at times condescended to share the dainty with him his gratification brought diamond glints into his eyes that encouraged her to feign often an appetite she did not possess.

When Jacobson left them on the day of the regatta, the gay scene my lady had sought to shun appeared so pretty a picture in the distance round about the pier and harbor, that she prepared to sketch it, much to the reverential interest and delight of Siddy.

He watched the dark line of the crowd-covered land appearing on the canvas, the blue sky above it, the sail-dotted sea below, with a most sincere wonder and admiration — little guessing how that very picture would one day grace his own walls and be the most treasured of his belongings.

My lady's hand, unfettered by the malady that made her lower limbs useless, was

in good working condition, and she felt in good spirits at finding it regain its old cunning, which was of no mean order.

The time sped on very rapidly and profitably. My lady became more and more engrossed, and forgetful of her small companion. He, on his part, was much too shy and retiring to intrude on her preoccupation in any way. Yet when the silence and solitude had remained unbroken for about an hour he had an intense desire to speak.

He saw the tide was rising, and had some fear of it—but his baby mind was so used as yet to be guided only by others, that he might not even have mentioned the matter to Esther had she been there, but as to venturing to do so to his lady, of whose prudence and wisdom he had the very highest ideas, he felt he might be guilty of an offence for which forgiveness would be impossible. So he allowed her to paint on, always being ready when she glanced up to return her kind look as cheerfully as he could under the circumstances.

"Why, how pale the child looks!" she exclaimed at last, throwing down her brush and holding out her hand to him. "Is anything the matter?"

"No," answered the baby Spartan, thinking a falsehood only courageous in such a case; "but I wish Mr. Jacobson would come back."

"Why, child?"

He gave a little cry, stepped up on to her chair and was clasped in her arms.

"What ails the baby?" she exclaimed, kissing the white face tenderly for the first time, and showing by the repetition of her kisses how often she had put off the longing to do so before.

Siddy held up one of his little feet, and she saw that the shoe and sock were wet.

"Lady, the waves are coming! Oh, I do wish Mr. Jacobson was here."

She clasped the little one closer and looked round, suppressing a cry of surprise and terror. A woman so delicate and so afflicted, though no coward, could but be panic-stricken at her danger. The water had already touched the cliffs before her and behind, so there was no way but through it. It, as yet, only covered the beach thinly, but she knew it must rise with every wave now.

She began calling Jacobson in so loud and silvery a voice that Siddy felt as confident that the truant chairman must hear and obey as though an angel from heaven had summoned him. The poor voice was, however, soon exhausted, and still Jacob-

son came not. The lady lay back in her chair, pale and faint, while Siddy crouched at her knees, pale also, but brave and self-confident beyond belief.

As usual in such extremities, the secret of her heart, the hidden pressing grief, burst out.

"Merciful God! Let me not perish as I am—a hard, unforgiving woman. Let me prove my forgiveness and remorse for my hardness, and I will die in peace."

She clasped little Siddy as she prayed, kissing him fervently, and breathing a vow that his forlorn condition should be all changed by her if it pleased God for them to escape from this great danger—this watery trap of death that was being set about them. In that time of peril her affection for the child increased with her anxiety on his account. She wondered how it was his little, fear-blanching face could have become so wondrously dear to her. She looked from it to the unclouded sky and cried inwardly, "O thou who called such to thee, save him! He is not a hard, revengeful being like me—but all love and innocence. Tender Father, save thine own. Fond Shepherd, spare thy lamb!"

In the next few minutes it was vouchsafed to little Siddy to prove that his desire was as unselfish as her own. As he gazed in a sort of wistful despair along the coast before him he saw a boat and a fisherman standing looking at it with his pipe in his mouth. Thereupon Siddy put off his shoes and socks as he had been used to do when strengthening his small ankles in the shallow water on the beach. Then slipping from the chair before his lady knew what he was doing, he entered upon a course that to his own baby imagination, at least, was as full of dangers as that of a soldier flying to his captain's aid through a double row of bayonets.

Never heeding or appearing to hear his lady's cries and expostulations, this humbly reared scion of a noble race ran through the water nearly up to his waist towards the solitary figure afar off. He reached him, and soon came back in the boat with him, shivering and exhausted, but with all the triumphant light of a delivering angel in his face.

Granny was by this time being rudely rocked and shaken in her chair by the increasing power of the tide. She had risen, fear having given her limbs sudden freedom from their long fetters of pain, and she stood clinging to a ridge in the cliff. She fainted as the man he had brought to her assistance succeeded in

getting her laid safely in the boat. By Sidy's direction they landed at the creek near his nurse's cottage.

Esther had just returned from her work at the net-chamber. With the help of a neighbor, she soon had Sidy's lady laid on the sofa. Well accustomed from childhood to attending cases of chill and drowning, she quietly proceeded to rub her cold hands and feet, and to force restoratives between her clenched teeth.

Sidy, after this story had been heard and had brought upon him a shower of his nurse's proud, adoring kisses, was placed in his own little bed, where he lay with something of the satisfaction, yet impatience, of a soldier after victory and assured of promotion consigned to hospital for a slight scratch wound.

But there had been other feelings than those of pride and affection in Esther's passionate caresses. There had been the anguish of the thought of an early parting, for the day had already proved an eventful one to her before the arrival of the little boat in the creek.

She had been sent for from the net-chamber with news that Sidy's father and mother had arrived, and were wishing to sail to Ostend that night, taking him with them. They had gone into the town to make some purchases while Esther went in search of the child. They returned about half an hour after Esther's patients had been made dry and comfortable.

When Esther perceived how gratefully and affectionately Sidy's lady regarded the boy for his courage and unique gallantry of manner, she could not long withhold the story of his little life. She told her, not then of the bitter cost her sacred keeping of her vow to his parents had been to her, not then either of Ralph Sharman's fatal devotion, but of her fears that Sidy would nevermore hear of his parents; her difficulty to maintain him of late; of the death, long unknown to them, of the person entrusted with the payments for her which had never been received by her, but had fallen into dishonest hands, and been acknowledged as though by the person to whom they were intrusted.

Sidy's lady expressed much sympathy with them, and told Esther she was selfishly glad of their present straits, which would enable her to prove her feeling for the child, and hinted that, perhaps, after an interview with her they might not, "poor young things," she said, "be driven abroad to escape their troubles."

She lay on the hard little sofa, enjoying the sense of safety with an exhilaration of spirit she had never expected to feel again. Now that all danger was so happily over, she was in no haste to let her relations know of her accident till she should have thought of a way of benefiting her brave little defender from the waves.

She arranged with Esther that she was to see Sidy's father and mother as soon as they returned from the town. Sidy, however, was first admitted, and the meeting of the two was as Esther afterwards described it — "a thing to see."

Modest consciousness of his service lent the little one's eyes a glow, and his cheeks a tint brighter even than usual, and altogether so idealized his face till it resembled a certain little face dear to granny many years gone by — a face with which she fancied no human countenance could ever compare. But it seemed to her now that Sidy's transcended it in sweetness and heavenly love. And her heart leaped to the child as she received him in her arms.

At that moment Esther showed in his parents. Sidy's father was as fine a young Englishman as might be met with in the length and breadth of the land, but his face had a baffled, hopeless perplexity in it, a half-yielding misery, as though bad fortune had pursued him so long he was weary of flying from it, and had begun to fear he must drop back and be content to walk peaceably in step with it as a boon companion for life.

His wife was one of those delicate, light-complexioned, light-haired beings who seem to fade visibly under misfortune like the hedge primrose when "rough winds do shake the darling buds of May." There was, too, in her manner towards her husband that fatal humility, denoting a fear of hopeless inequality, a wasting, killing self-reproach for having consented to a marriage that had caused her beloved's ruin.

The pair had already heard from Esther the great event of the day, and of the affection that existed between their child and the invalid lady who had wished to see them.

The young mother, with some jealousy as well as pride mingled in her movements, made but few steps to the lady's side.

"Thank you for being so good to my little boy," she said, stopping with gentle skill her enthusiastic acknowledgments of the child's service.

But Siddy's lady looked towards the manly visitor as being more fit than the frail blossom of humanity beside her to receive her acknowledgments. He, however, had turned suddenly upon Esther with flashing eyes, and voice full of bitter indignation.

"Woman! what plot is this?" he asked sternly.

"Jack!" cried Siddy's lady—and she held Siddy off and looked from him to the young man, then folded him in her arms with a smile that had graced a Madonna. "Jack, it's your own boy. It's *my* own boy's bonny babe, is it? Now God be praised for his mercy!"

"Oh, sir," cried Esther, running forward in her joy and excitement, "the Lord above knows all, he knows I have had nought to do with this. They took to each other by nature. It's nature has done it—as true as I live, sir, it's no plot of mine or anybody's—IT'S ONLY NATURE."

"She's right, my son," protested Siddy's lady with one arm round the child, and one on the head of the young mother, who had cast herself on her knees by the bed. "It is only nature, and the God of nature has brought us all together as we should be, and saved your mother's heart from breaking. Your wife is very lovely, Jack, and though Siddy has your eyes and hair, he has that bonny, sweet look from his mother which is why I failed to see the likeness before."

So absorbing is happiness and the reunion of hearts and lives long divided, that for some time after Esther's quiet disappearance from the room no one thought of her and her devotion to the child.

But when they called her in, and spoke to her of a handsomer recompense than the young parents had a few hours since known would be in their power to make, Esther listened so much like one in a dream, that they began to think she was suffering deeply in her charitable heart at the thought of losing her beloved charge.

Esther, however, was but summoning up all her strength to use the opportunity afforded her by the gratitude of Siddy's people, to make such an appeal on behalf of that poor exile on the Tusks, as might have moved hearts as cold as theirs were now warm and mercifully disposed.

She told the story of the child's first illness, and the fatal consequence to her husband, and then when she had spoken of his miserable life and constant danger, she suddenly threw herself on her knees

before Siddy's lady, and told her how since she heard her name she knew her to be the sister of that Captain Dacre who had read the rules to Ralph and Thesler that night, how she had been tempted then to break her word to the child's parents, and tell him who he was, how she had remembered her solemn vow to them, and had refrained; and she implored her, with all the eloquence of her long-endured grief, to use her influence with her brother, and get him to induce the Trinity masters to revoke her husband's cruel banishment to that awful place, and restore him to honor in the service he had never knowingly disgraced, and had been so proud and happy in.

Ralph Sharman was very ill. He was descending the lighthouse steps one morning when he felt giddy and sat down till he should recover. Such fits were not uncommon, and he sat this morning wondering whether his end would come by a fall, as had nearly happened many times during the last week or two. As he sat there now, he thought he heard furtive steps behind him. Perhaps his tormentors had one of their demoniacal practical jokes in hand. He put his hand to his head and tried to steady his brain and look round, but at that moment his eyes were attracted by a boat stopping at the foot of the steps.

A man wearing the uniform of the Trinity service landed, and came up to him with a letter, which he gave to Ralph.

Ralph read it.

He was appointed to be principal at the High Light of Lothendene.

While he was staring at the letter he was again conscious of the furtive steps behind him, but when he would have turned hands were placed over his eyes, and a flood of warm life and hope rushed into his being with the tones of a well-loved voice.

"Ralph," it said, "till our darling's parents had got you this justice done, they could not meet you and thank you for your goodness to him. But you are to come to them with me now."

The messenger who had brought the letter had gone back to his boat.

Ralph knew his wife's arms were about him, and that her image, which his doubts had made dark in his own sight, was brightest of the bright; but a greater wonder than this filled his mind.

That divine mercy which he had thought gone from him, shone upon him with such light as for the time to be almost agony

to him. "And I doubted *this* God," he said, with his face on his wife's shoulder, "because I was in utter darkness for a time."

Esther kept him in darkness a little longer in her embrace, till his poor crushed soul got used to the glorious morning around them—the morning of hope and joy and chastened faith, that dawns for all who abide in patience and well-doing through the watches of the night.

Esther's father was with his family at Christmas. His vessel and nets had been attacked and much injured by a Dutch trawler, but he had been able to follow and obtain justice.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE RECENT VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN
NEW ZEALAND.

BY DR. ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

FOR some considerable time past a noticeable feature in the columns of the daily newspapers has been the frequency of the reports of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions from all quarters of the globe. After due allowance has been made for the increasing attention which these phenomena now receive, and for the rapidity and facility with which their details are made known, no matter how remote may be their locality, we shall probably not be wrong if we conclude that never within recorded human experience has there been more terrestrial disturbance than during the last few years. Not merely have the movements been frequent; they have been not less remarkable for the wide region over which, one after another, they have been displayed, and for the magnitude of their effects. They have occurred in districts often previously affected by similar visitations; but they have also appeared in tracts that had never been known to be subject to them before. They have often, indeed, been so slight as to furnish only material for the current gossip of the day, but among them are included some of the most stupendous catastrophes of historic times. And even where no movement may be perceptible to the senses, delicate instruments have made known the striking fact that the ground under our feet is in a perpetual state of tremor. The solid earth which has served mankind as a type of steady immobility turns out to be itself singularly unstable.

Some philosophers have written of the increasing senility of mother earth. They have contrasted what they take to be the feebleness of her old age with the Titanic vigor which they suppose to have marked the convulsions of her early youth. It is doubtless true that when the young planet first left its parent sun and began its own independent course through the heavens, it must have been endowed with a vast store of potential energy. All through the long ages which have since passed away, that store has been unceasingly growing less. If, therefore, the outward manifestations of terrestrial energy depended directly upon the total quantity of energy retained by the planet, they should undoubtedly become progressively feebler. The most gigantic volcanic explosions and earthquakes of modern times must in that case be but insignificant representatives of the earth-throes of primeval ages. There is good reason, however, to believe that this inference is not well founded. If we may judge of the displays of subterranean activity from the amount of volcanic material ejected to the surface, and from the extent of the crumplings and fractures of the solid crust involved in mountain structure, then we may rather conclude that the later disturbances have considerably exceeded the older in magnitude. Modern volcanoes and volcanic plateaux cover a wider area, and include a proportionally larger bulk of lava and ashes, than those of older geological date. And even when every reasonable allowance has been made for the extent to which the older topographies of the earth's surface have been worn away and covered up, an equivalent among the older records can hardly be found to the stupendous disturbances by which modern mountain chains have been upheaved.

It has been plausibly suggested that the gradual increase in the thickness of the cool outer crust has offered continually augmenting resistance to the movements of the still hot interior, and hence that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions ought now to be less constant, but more violent, than in the older time. The earth has been compared in a homely way to a pot of porridge which, after thorough boiling, has been taken off the fire. During the process of boiling, the escape of steam keeps the porridge in constant ebullition and eruption. But when cooling sets in and leads to the formation of a crust or skin on the surface, the steam, which cannot then so readily escape, finds its way out in intermittent puffs. As the skin

thickens, the resistance it offers proportionately increases; the steam-puffs become fewer, but larger; and the last spurts of porridge ejected are sometimes bigger and are thrown out farther than any that preceded them.

Without entering here upon these theoretical questions, we may take for granted that certainly within the memory of man there has been no appreciable diminution in the intensity of those subterranean operations which manifest themselves at the surface as earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Three years ago the world was startled by the great eruption of Krakatau, in the Sunda Strait—the most gigantic explosion within human experience. Before its fine dust had cleared away from the air, other volcanoes renewed their activity. Both Etna and Vesuvius have been in eruption, and from the antipodes comes the news of the sudden and altogether unlooked-for calamity which has spread such destruction over the lake district of New Zealand. Earthquakes, too, have followed hard upon each other, not only in volcanic districts, but in regions far removed from active volcanoes. Six years ago the country around Agram was convulsed, with great loss of life and property. Then came the shock that carried death and ruin far and wide through the south of Spain. Within the last few weeks some hundreds of square miles in Greece have been shaken, with great destruction to houses and considerable loss of life; while almost at the same instant the eastern States of the American Union were visited by the earthquake which has laid the city of Charleston in ruins. If we are still profoundly ignorant of the causes that produce earthquakes and volcanoes, we cannot plead in justification that the phenomena themselves are either infrequent or obscure. But as observers are multiplying in all parts of the world, and as more precise methods of observation are being perfected, there is good reason to hope that some part at least of the mystery which still shrouds from us the interior of our globe may ere long be lifted.

There are two phases of volcanic activity of which some admirable illustrations have recently been furnished. In one of these the volcano continues in a state of comparatively gentle eruptivity, discharging showers of stones, clouds of steam, and even occasionally streams of lava, but without any violent detonations which affect the districts beyond the mountain itself. Vesuvius is at present in this con-

dition; some photographs taken upon it in August last by Dr. Johnston Lavis show well the sharp explosions of vapor and the ejection of stones and ashes within the crater. The other phase is less frequent, but in some respects more interesting. With little or no warning, the volcano is convulsed, and a large part of it is suddenly blown into the air, vast quantities of stones and ashes are discharged, the country for perhaps several thousand square miles around is covered with detritus, and the air is so loaded with fine dust that day becomes darker than night.

It is obviously much less easy to study these great volcanic paroxysms than the ordinary and gentler kind of activity with which the tourist to Vesuvius and Etna is familiar. Though they have occurred at intervals during human history, and have been described with varying minuteness and accuracy, we are still singularly ignorant regarding some parts of the phenomena, so that every new example of them deserves to be carefully examined and recorded. Even before the times of authentic history we know that man witnessed some of these more stupendous manifestations of volcanic energy. The half-submerged volcano of Santorin, in the Greek Archipelago, for instance, seems to have been blown up by an explosion at a time when a human population had already settled on the island, for remains of buildings, vases, and pottery have been found under the piles of volcanic ejections. The catastrophe was no doubt sudden, and seems to have entirely destroyed the inhabitants of the island. It would be interesting to know whether any possible survival of the tradition of it could be recognized in old Greek story. The earliest volcanic explosion of which any contemporary account has survived is that of Vesuvius in the year 79, whereby the towns of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae were destroyed. For the main facts of this memorable event we are indebted to the two well-known letters of the younger Pliny to Tacitus, and to an examination of the ruins themselves, and of the volcanic materials under which they have been buried. But the details may be more vividly appreciated from the accounts of similar recent calamities. The graphic narratives of the eye-witnesses and survivors of the New Zealand eruption of last June are especially interesting from this point of view, for there is a close analogy between the phenomena of that eruption and those which must have char-

acterized the famous outburst of Vesuvius. It is worth while making a comparison between the two widely separated catastrophes.

In the first century of our era, and doubtless for many previous generations, Vesuvius was what would now be called an extinct volcano. Rising some three thousand feet above the sea, it formed a notable landmark in one of the fairest landscapes of the Roman Empire. Its slopes were richly cultivated, save around the summit, where the loose volcanic cinders had not yet been covered by the mantle of vegetation that during the previous centuries had gradually been creeping up the mountain. The barren crest surrounded a deep crater, whose rugged walls, tapestried with wild vines, enclosed the level space in which Spartacus and his three thousand companions encamped. Intelligent observers had noticed the probable volcanic origin of the mountain, and tradition spoke of its having formerly emitted fire. But to the surrounding inhabitants it gave no sense of insecurity. The peasants planted their vines up its slopes, and the wealthier Romans travelled to bathe in the warm springs that still issue not far from its roots, and to enjoy the balmy climate of that favored region. At last a succession of earthquakes, some of them of considerable violence, continued during a period of sixteen years to shake the Vesuvian Campania. Some of the towns around the mountain were considerably damaged. A Pompeian inscription records that the Temple of Isis in that town had to be rebuilt from the very foundations. The subterranean commotion culminated in the great explosion which in the year 79 blew out the southern half of the upper part of the cone of Vesuvius. Seen from the west side of the Bay of Naples in the early hours of the eruption, the cloud of steam and fragmentary materials that issued from the mountain rose in a huge column which spread out at the top like the branches of an Italian pine-tree. In the immediate neighborhood of the volcano, cinders and pieces of "burning rock" fell in a continuous shower, gradually filling up the streets and open spaces of the town, crushing in the roofs, and driving the inhabitants to the fields. Violent earthquakes accompanying the successive volcanic discharges shook and shattered the houses and kept the sea in commotion. So vast was the quantity of ashes and stones thrown out that the country for miles around was covered with *débris*. For

three days the air continued so loaded with fine dust that a darkness as of night overspread the landscape. When daylight returned, the fields and gardens had disappeared under a deep covering of white ashes that lay on the ground like snow. The main portion of the volcanic detritus was no doubt ejected in the earlier stages of the eruption, as may be inferred from the fact that the body of the elder Pliny (who, after the courtyard of the house in which he had been sleeping was nearly choked up with fallen ashes and stones, had retreated to the fields) was found, three days after, lying where he had fallen, and not concealed by the dust that had settled down in the interval. There is no evidence that any lava was emitted during the eruption. But the red-hot stones, and the glare from the crater upon the overhanging pall of cloud, probably show that molten lava rose to the surface in the vent of the volcano, while much of the impalpable dust that filled the air was no doubt due to the explosions of superheated vapors by which successive portions of the rising column of lava were blown out. Though the ill-fated region was spared the destruction which would have been caused by the outflow of streams of lava, it was in some places near the base of Vesuvius invaded by rivers of a thick, pasty mud produced by the condensation of the dense clouds of vapor and the mingling of the water with the fine volcanic ashes. These mud torrents swept over Herculaneum, burying it to a depth of fifty feet or more. At Pompeii, also, the heavy rain seems to have formed a similar mud, which ran down into the basements of the houses and quickly enveloped the human victims who had taken refuge there.

The events in the recent New Zealand eruption run closely parallel to those of this historical outbreak of Vesuvius. In both cases the explosion occurs at an extinct, or at least long dormant, volcano, with little or no warning, and with paroxysmal violence. The convulsive tremors of the ground, the dense, far-extended shower of ashes and hot stones, the lurid glare from the volcano by night and the darkness by day, the pasty mud, the crushing in of houses, the burying of fields and gardens, and the destruction of life are to be noticed in striking similarity in each eruption. The only contemporary chronicler of the Vesuvian calamity was a young man of eighteen, who, though invited by his scientific uncle to go with him and investigate the singular phenomenon, pre-

ferred to remain with his book at a safe distance. Fortunately, the late New Zealand explosion was witnessed by numerous hardy and intelligent observers, who were soon interviewed by enterprising newspaper correspondents, so that the general succession of events, in so far at least as they affected the human population of the district, was speedily made known. The government of the colony also immediately despatched the accomplished director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, who gathered all the scientific facts which could at the time be obtained. A more detailed examination of the ground is to be made as the spring advances and the volcanic excitement has sufficiently abated. Meanwhile, the salient features of the eruption are tolerably clear.

A region of geysirs and boiling springs is one of the strangest and weirdest on the face of the globe. From a distance, the curiosity of the traveller is aroused by the clouds of steam which rise here and there from among the trees, or from the bare, sinter-covered slopes. His previous experience of steam-clouds has probably been in association with factories and locomotives, and hence the white puffs that float away and disappear seem in strange contrast with the utter loneliness of the scenery. As he approaches the centre of activity, he passes an occasional white mound of crumbling sinter, where a geyser once has been, and quiet pools of steaming water, of exquisitely green and blue tints, enclosed in alabaster-like basins of white and pink sinter. The ground sounds hollow as he walks upon it. Treacherous holes open on all sides, some of them filled with boiling water, others opening down into hot, vaporious caverns. It seems as if he were treading on a thin crust covering a honeycombed mass of hot rock within, beneath which lie vast reservoirs of boiling water, and as if this crust might at any spot give way and precipitate him into the hideous gulfs beneath. But his attention is perhaps arrested by a loud, hissing roar like that of a large engine blowing off its steam. Turning to the quarter whence the sound comes, he sees a geyser in eruption, hurling its column of water and steam high into the air. Farther on he comes to a sputtering cauldron of grey, green, or red mud, on the surface of which large, blister-like domes rise up and burst, scattering the mud around, and building up miniature volcanic cones round the vents from which the steam escapes. And so on all through this strange region he is surrounded with evidences of the

nether fires such as his fancy had never pictured. The heat of the earth's interior is now no longer with him a mere matter of scientific belief. It is such an appalling reality that he is perhaps inclined to regard with astonishment the general belief of geologists that geysirs and boiling springs mark a waning condition of volcanic excitement.

Of the three great geyser districts of the globe, Iceland, Montana, and New Zealand, the last-named far surpassed its rivals in the supreme beauty of its sinter terraces. Those of the Yellowstone are exquisite indeed in their variety of form and coloring. But for magnitude, regularity, and brilliance, the Pink and White Terraces of Rotomahana stood unrivalled. To the east of the geysirs and hot-mud springs of that locality, rises the great ridge of Tarawera, upwards of thirty-six hundred feet in height, with its three truncated cones, marking the sites of three extinct craters. Its barren summit had for ages been sacred ground to the Maoris, who carry up their dead to that lonely spot for burial. The volcanic fires, elsewhere still active, seemed there to have burnt out, and the hot springs remained as apparently the last relic of them. It was hardly possible to select a better illustration of what geologists have regarded as the closing manifestation of volcanic activity.

Nothing unusual had occurred to afford any warning of the approach of the catastrophe which has this summer befallen the "wonderland" of the North Island. Slight earthquakes had disturbed the water of Lake Tarawera, but had not attracted much attention. The terraces of Rotomahana had been visited a day or two before by tourists, who found them in their usual condition. Suddenly, however, early in the morning of the 10th of June, the inhabitants on the shore of Lake Tarawera were roused by earthquake shocks followed by a loud roaring sound. On looking towards the mountain, they saw that its most northerly peak was in eruption. Soon afterwards the middle peak burst out still more violently. Then the volcanic energy, travelling still southwards, found vent in a stupendous explosion, whereby part of the south side of Mount Tarawera was blown into the air. Finally, a grand outburst of steam rose still farther southwards from the Lake of Rotomahana, bearing up enormous quantities of volcanic dust and pieces of rock. The noise of this last explosion was heard at great distances, and the cloud of fine dust produced by it was hurled for thou-

sands of feet into the air, where it spread out as a thick curtain, and, pierced by vivid flashes of lightning, completely cut off the light of the morning. Accompanying the outbreak, a gale of wind blew with great violence, stripping the leaves from the trees, and bearing the black dust-cloud away to the north. In somewhere about four hours the volcanic paroxysm was over, though immense volumes of steam continued to rise from the vents that had been torn open.

The first narratives of the survivors of the catastrophe gave a graphic picture of the terrors of that dreadful night, but, of course, they afforded no very clear idea of the character and successive stages of the eruption. From Dr. Hector's report, however, in which the statements of the survivors are embodied, together with the results of his own exploration of the district immediately after the eruption, the main facts can be satisfactorily followed. The outbreak appears to have consisted of two distinct phases; the first of these culminated in the grand explosion which tore open a vast chasm on the southern slopes of Tarawera mountain; the second manifested itself in the discharges of steam that blew out Lake Rotomahana and destroyed its famous terraces.

A chain of eruptive points was established along the crest of the Tarawera range and south-westwards to near Lake Okaro, a total distance of some ten miles. What changes have been wrought on the mountain summits has not yet been definitely ascertained. But from a distance the crest of the ridge is seen to have lost its old characteristic outline. No fewer than seven distinct flattened conical peaks rise along the edge of the range, each of them giving off at intervals large discharges of steam and fragmentary materials. So great has been the bulk of ashes and dust thrown out from these vents that the rough craggy slopes of the mountain have been in great measure buried under the thick grey accumulations. A large fissure has been opened along the eastern flank of the range, and emits wreaths of steam. But the most remarkable and important of all the orifices produced during the eruption are to be observed on the southern declivities of the range, and thence into the lower country to the south-west.

On the southern slopes of Mount Tarawera, a large chasm has been torn out two thousand feet long, five hundred feet broad, and three hundred feet deep. This appears not to have been a mere rent

caused by the opening of the ground, but to have been actually blown out by the explosion that convulsed the mountain and concluded the first phase of the eruption. From this great chasm a yawning rent is prolonged for several miles towards the south-west, passing across the site of Lake Rotomahana. Between its precipitous walls great wreaths of steam are continually ascending, and, as these are blown aside, glimpses can be obtained of the bottom, which appears to be mostly filled with seething and boiling mud. Seven powerful geysirs rise along its course and throw their columns of boiling water, steam, stones, and mud to a height of six or eight hundred feet. Such is the vigor of these discharges that the western walls of the chasm are being continually undermined. It is sad to learn that the largest of the mud fountains has broken through the site of the Pink Terrace. Another has found its way to the surface on the high ground west of the fissure, and has already built up a cone several hundred feet high.

The sounds accompanying the eruption were of the most appalling kind, and were heard at vast distances. From the black canopy of dust and steam that rose above the volcano and spread northward over the country came a continuous rattle of thunder-peals. The steam issued from the newly opened vents with a deafening roar. The earthquake shocks were propagated through the ground with a growling sound like the rolling of heavy wagons, while, to complete the horrors of the night, a hurricane of wind howled round the tottering houses and swept across the woodlands. The reverberation of the explosion is said to have been perceptible at Christ Church, a distance of three hundred miles.

Every account of the eruption bears witness to the prominent part taken by steam all through the paroxysm, and also since comparative quiet returned. From every vent, whether old or new, volumes of steam are constantly rising, either in a continuous stream or in intermittent discharges, and sometimes with explosive violence. The grandest mass of vapor is that which overhangs the geysirs that play where the Lake Rotomahana once stood. It is described as about the eighth of a mile in diameter, and towers not less than twelve thousand feet into the air — a vast pillar of cloud, catching up the tints of early morning and of evening, and shining at noon with the whiteness of snow.

No attempt has been made to compute

the amount of solid material ejected from the various eruptive vents. It must have been enormous. Owing to the direction of the wind at the time, most of this material was borne away northward. It accumulated most thickly around the active vents, but the finer parts were carried to great distances. Ships at sea, one hundred and thirty miles away from the scene of disturbance, had their decks strewn with dust. The finer particles remained suspended in the air for several days. Dr. Hector found a yellow fog, charged with pungent acid vapor and dust, as he crossed the Bay of Plenty, more than two days after the eruption.

By the earlier explosions that opened out the vents on the Tarawera range, vast quantities of blocks of lava were hurled into the air, and fell back upon the slopes of the mountain. Some of these stones, however, were projected to a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to the east and south-east, while in the opposite direction they did not reach farther than six miles. No doubt, most of these stones were fragments of the solid mass of rock which was blown to pieces by the volcanic explosions that cleared out the vents. But the eyewitnesses of the catastrophe all agree in speaking of "fire-balls," or glowing pieces of rock, that fell in showers with the other *débris*, and even set fire to the trees. That much of the ejected material had at first a high temperature seems quite certain from the observation of Dr. Hector that the fallen sand, though cool on the surface, was still quite hot a foot or so beneath it six days after the eruption. There is also a general agreement that in the first phase of the eruption, when the vents of the Tarawera range successively exploded, what is called a "pillar of fire" shot up into the air. It is difficult to understand that this illumination could be produced merely by the electrical discharges from the dust column. Lightning flashes were also observed, and were distinguished from the glare that rose from the crest of the ridge. From the accounts of the survivors, it seems more probable that a column of incandescent lava actually rose up within the mountain, and that the so-called fire was produced by the glow of this white-hot mass upon the volumes of steam that escaped from it. This inference is strengthened by the character of the finer material that accompanied and followed the ejection of the stones and blocks of rock. Enormous quantities of what is described as pumice sand were blown out of Mount Tarawera, and fell

over a tract twenty miles long towards the north. This sand as it fell was hot—so hot, indeed, as to scorch and even set fire to the trees, the burning stumps of which were seen by Dr. Hector in many places. If its temperature was still so high after its flight through the air, it must have been at a red or even white heat inside the mountain. We may perhaps not unreasonably look upon this sand as due to the explosion of the molten lava as it rose within the vent saturated with superheated steam. It is true that the government geologist watched during two clear nights in the week after the eruption, and failed to detect any illumination of the steam that still issued from the vents along the summit of the range. But the top of the incandescent column might have been reduced so much in height by the successive explosions as not to throw its glare beyond the throat of the volcano.

Among the solid materials ejected during the eruption most attention has been given to the grey mud which played such an important part in the destruction of life and property. As hot mud springs have long been known in the district, and as the site of Lake Rotomahana has been invaded by a group of active mud geysirs, it was naturally enough concluded that the mud which crushed in the houses at Wairoa and prostrated the trees was vomited forth from some of the vents of the neighborhood. Dr. Hector, however, gives another and more probable explanation. He supposes that the cool south-westerly gale, meeting the great cloud of vapor and dust, drove it away towards the sea and condensed its vapor, which mingled with the fine dust, and fell to the ground as mud. He shows that the mud is absent around the region of the mud geysirs, where the ground is covered with dry sand, and that it is traceable northwards for a distance of nearly forty miles to the Bay of Plenty in the pathway of the wind. It attained a thickness of about one foot on flat ground at Wairoa, gradually thinning away northwards. But where it has fallen on slopes it is readily softened by rain, and slides down into lower ground. Photographs of the ruined hamlet of Wairoa show the leafless trunks of the trees protruding out of the mud which half fills the roofless houses. It will be long before these deep accumulations of volcanic mud can be turned again into fertile fields, and before the sylvan beauty of the Wairoa woodland can be restored. Where, however, the covering of detritus is thin, it will no doubt soon be ploughed

into the soil, and all trace of the eruption will then vanish, save in the effect that may be produced upon cultivation. Analyses of the various kinds of sand, dust, and mud are being made, that the farmers may know what they may have to hope or fear from the visitation of this summer.

Lava is not known to have issued from any of the vents or fissures of the district during this eruption. The flanks of the Tarawera volcano, however, have still to be examined, and possibly on the eastern side of the range some trace of outflowing lava may be found. If this should prove to be the case, it would be a notable exception to what has been regarded as the rule, for it would show the resumption of full volcanic activity after the geysir stage towards extinction had been reached. There are so many features in common between the New Zealand eruption and the earliest recorded one of Vesuvius that we are tempted to speculate on a possible future for Mount Tarawera like that which has characterized the Neapolitan volcano during the last eighteen hundred years. But, even should such a conjecture prove to be true, the presence of another active volcano in the North Island would probably not sensibly affect the prosperity even of the district in the midst of which the mountain stands. Successive eruptions of varying intensity might from time to time bring with them some loss of life and damage to property. But the crumbling lavas and ashes would by degrees yield soil well fitted for cultivation. Farms and gardens would creep up the volcanic slopes as they have for so many centuries done upon Vesuvius. The mountain might become one of the great sights of New Zealand, and even the object of pilgrimages to the southern hemisphere.

Meanwhile, the colony is poorer by the loss of its famous terraces. Lakes of seething, sputtering mud, and geysirs casting forth torrents of hot water and steam, are by no means adequate equivalents for the sinter staircases of Te Tarata which have been so utterly effaced. It will be interesting to discover whether, after all the commotion of last June, any sinter-bearing springs have been left in such a position as to begin again the formation of a new set of terraces. But, even if this process were to re-commence at once, many a generation must pass away before anything can be built up at all resembling in extent and beauty what has been destroyed.

From the outburst of the long silent Tarawera volcano, one passes by a natural

transition of thought to the story of the old volcanoes of Britain; and the question arises whether there is any probability or possibility that, in the revolutions of the future, the volcanic fires may once more be kindled beneath this country. Probably no area of equal extent on the surface of the globe can show the records of so long a succession of volcanic eruptions as are chronicled within the rocky substructure of the British Islands. Again and again, after prolonged intervals when not only had volcanic action ceased, but when the very sites of the volcanoes had been buried out of sight under deep piles of sand and mud, renewed outbreaks have poured forth fresh currents of lava and cast out showers of ashes where now and for long centuries past fields have been reaped and towns have grown. What has been may be again. And it is worthy of remark that, so far as we can judge of the lapse of time in the far past, the interval which separates the last volcanic episode in the geological history of Britain from our own day has been immensely shorter than that which separated it from the immediately preceding volcanic period. We cannot, therefore, say that a renewal of volcanic activity within our borders is impossible. When we have discovered the causes that led to the repeated re-appearance of that activity during the remote past, we may be able to predict with more confidence for the future. The contingency of renewed eruptions is not one which any reasonable geologist would consider to be near or probable; but it is certainly not one which he would be disposed to dismiss as impossible.

From All The Year Round.

A CROSS OLD MAN.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

How was it that I came to live in Number Six, Bristol Terrace, Carchester? I really don't know. I might have chosen any place under the sun from Newcastle to New South Wales. I cannot say what sudden impulse fixed my uncertain choice on one of a row of small suburban houses with long, narrow gardens behind, and a far-stretching view over the Downs in front.

I suppose I was partly influenced by the fact that I did not know a single soul in the dignified, exclusive city of Carchester, and by the exceeding probability that

the lofty indifference of its aristocratic society would not stoop to be curious about the insignificant existence of a broken-hearted, soured old man.

For when I left the far-off country home of my forefathers I was running away from myself, from my past, from all that could recall to my outward senses the weariness and hopelessness which had fallen on me, and I shrank alike from the possible curiosity of new acquaintances and the obtrusive sympathy of old ones.

The neighbor nuisance was a much more serious trouble, only to be appreciated by those who have lived without next-door neighbors to the age of fifty and upwards. It was a terrible shock to me when I found that Number Five was let furnished, and that it changed hands continually, with a wonderful variety of trials to my love of quiet. I had no sooner got used to hearing the young married man—who ought to have been ashamed of himself—blunder along the passage and up-stairs, swearing at his frightened wife, than I had to begin over again with some people who gave noisy parties every second or third night. Their stay being over, I was assailed by a cantankerous parrot and an irritable pug; then came a large family of loud-voiced children, and so on *ad infinitum*. In Number Seven lived some young ladies who amused themselves and tortured me by unceasing performances on a very poor piano. I took to playing the violoncello in sheer self-defence, that I might curtain myself round with a noise of my own making, and shut out the hubbub over which I had no control.

Sometimes there was an evening's peace; the young ladies had taken their music and gone out, and the furnished house was enjoying a Sabbath between an exodus and an invasion, and then, when I was quite sure that no noise from either side would break in upon my reverie, I would put my 'cello into its case and hide the case away under the sofa, and get out my old memories instead; and sit over the fire with them, while the hands of the clock crept round and round, and the stars stole past the window in long procession, each in turn looking in on the morbid old man, whose life hopes had ebbed away, and left him stranded high and dry in a narrow little house, where, though every one was too near him, no one was near enough.

Far away on the coast of Suffolk an old country house, long, low, and rambling,

with a verandah on two sides, lies back from the top of the cliffs that border the coast, sheltered by a triple row of lime-trees from the east winds. Round the house wanders an old-fashioned garden, where each flower used to bloom in a sweet succession of seasons. Beyond the garden is one of the park-like meadows, called in the Suffolk parlance a "lawn," from which a "loke" (lane) leads away to the sea. This was my birthplace, the birthplace of my forefathers and of my one little daughter, whom I named Margaret, after her mother, my first and only love.

When we had been married about eight years my wife died, died after so short an illness that the roses which I laid in her dead hands were the buds she had lingered over the last time we had walked together among our flowers. I thought I must have died, too, of my grief; but, as time wore away the first terrible shock, I learnt to live for the child, who was everything to me now.

Little Margaret was a beautiful child, with laughing blue eyes and brown hair; somewhat wayward, perhaps, but so sweet withal that no one could forego loving her. I could not bear to lose sight of her. I even taught her myself, that I might have her always with me. She was so merry that I could not brood over my sorrow when she was with me, and she learnt such womanly ways, that I was sure her dead mother must be very near us shedding her influence over our Margaret. Perhaps I spoiled her a little—I do not know—I did not think of that until too late. Her life passed happily among flowers and birds, and beside the sea. I can see her now, running about under the limes, counting the first daffodils that came out among the grass, or filling her hands with primroses, or watching the bees flying in and out of their hives beside the low-growing medlar-tree. When she was tired of play she would come to sit by my feet with a book, or to nestle on my knees for a story. We spent a great deal of our summer time by the sea, on the lonely sands or the grassy "denes," that stretched at the foot of the cliffs. We watched the great ships far out and the fishing-boats close in by the shore. We found birds' nests, and wild flowers, and—but why go rambling on? It was a quiet life of happiness, of which the story is apt to grow wearisome to those who hear it told, but of which those who live it could never weary.

When my child was about seventeen years old she made the acquaintance of a

man named Robert Browne, at the house of a friend. I did not like him at all, and I would rather have kept her from him altogether; but accidentally or intentionally (perhaps a little of both) she saw him much oftener than I had any idea. He was a bold, determined-looking man of about thirty, with a certain dash about him which Margaret found very pleasant. But I doubted him, and stories, too, reached my ears which confirmed my doubts. I had already told my child plainly what my opinion of Mr. Browne was, when, one day, he came to me, with her promise already gained, to ask my consent to their marriage.

I refused—at once and decidedly—telling Margaret afterwards that, as she was but a child still, I had decided the matter without consulting her; that when she was older and knew more of the world she would thank me for having done so. Then I looked into her face for her approving submission; instead of which I read there an expression totally new to her and to me—an expression of anger and defiance. Nevertheless, I took her in my arms and, kissing her, I laid a strict command on her never to speak to Robert Browne again.

My poor little Maggie! One morning, a week or so after, I missed the sound of her voice talking to her bantams near my bedroom window; and on my breakfast plate was a note, telling me not to seek her or be uneasy about her. She found, she said, that she and Robert could not live without each other, and so they had gone away together. They would be married, perhaps, by the time I read her letter. She made sure of my forgiveness, and she promised that by-and-by they would come back and see me.

Although the cruel words seemed to burn themselves into my brain as I glanced at them, yet I had to read them time after time before I grasped their meaning. I was stupefied. When at last the hideous truth broke upon me; when I realized that my cherished child, for whom I would have willingly died, had left me to go away she scarcely knew how, where, or with whom—my anger overpowered every other feeling, and I vowed that forgiveness from me they should never have, and that neither of them should ever cross the threshold of Lingdene again.

They were terrible days that followed. I walked about as one in a dream from which one longs to awake; but for me the awakening was only an increasing consciousness of my trouble. Wherever I

turned—in the woods or by the sea, in the house or in the garden—everything recalled my lost Maggie, every remembrance brought a sharper pang, and my anger was even more bitter than my grief.

About a month after she had left me, Maggie wrote. For a moment I held the letter in my hand. I saw that it came from a foreign land; but I did not even look to see from what country it came. For a moment only I hesitated, then I thrust it unopened between the bars of the grate. It burnt away to white ash, and I vowed once more that so deceitful and ungrateful a child deserved no forgiveness. For the future I had no daughter. I shut up Lingdene; kept my movements a profound secret; and went into an exile where I might be unknown, unquestioned, unpitied.

So I found myself in Carchester, where I gradually fell into a regular, quiet way of life, finding some pleasure in digging, planting, and pruning in my narrow strip of garden. But the old wound was still very tender, for the years that slipped away brought me no comfort.

One day last May, after Number Five had stood empty for a week or so, there was a commotion of arrival. I knew that every inhabitant of the terrace—except myself—was looking out of window to scrutinize the new-comers; that was the welcome usually accorded on such occasions. I went and seated myself on my garden seat under the trellis of jessamine and Gloire de Dijon roses, saying to myself, as I filled my pipe,—

"I shall know enough of my new neighbors before long; any curiosity I may have will be more than satisfied only too soon."

Presently over my garden wall came the sound of a childish voice, in a high-pitched treble.

"Ah, this is the garden! See, Janet, this is the garden—quite a nice little garden to play in, and there are scarcely any flower borders in it, so I shall be able to run about as much as I like, and build a house for Bridget and Ellen in the corner. And yet, I think it is a pity there are so few flowers; it would be nice to get a bunch for dear mammy, don't you think, Janet? Isn't it a pity she is so knocked up with the journey? Do you think she will be ill again?"

"I don't know, Miss Daisy; I'm sure I hope not."

"Oh, so do I, Janet; it was so horrible in London when she was so near dying. Didn't you feel unhappy?"

"Yes, Miss Daisy, but perhaps the change will do her good; you see the doctor ordered her to come here. Now I'm in a hurry; I must go in."

"Oh, Janet, dear!" very coaxingly, "don't go in just yet, I do so want to stay here."

"No, Miss Daisy, I really can't, there's so much to be done. I must begin to unpack."

"And may I help? Say yes, there's a dear Janet; I won't drop anything, or make a mess of anything, or ask a lot of questions. May I, Janet? I won't get in the way."

And then the child and the woman went in.

"A family of children," I said to myself. "That means an incessant trampling up and down stairs, an incessant uproar in the garden, piano practice, and goodness knows what; and if they all have voices as shrill as Miss Daisy—well, Heaven protect me!"

That evening, however, my dread of the numerous family was relieved. My old housekeeper told me as she waited on me at dinner that the new-comers at Number Five were a widow lady, with one little girl and a maid. The lady, she added, had been very ill, and had been ordered to Carchester for her health.

"And how did you learn all that, Simpson?" I asked sardonically. "I suppose you glued your nose to the window as the cab drove up to the door, and counted them as they got out, and counted their parcels, and jumped to a conclusion about them."

"Oh, dear no, sir, I didn't," was Simpson's answer; she never resented any allusions I might make as to her curiosity. "Gudgeon's man went by as I was taking in the bread and he told me."

Gudgeon being the house agent, there was no disputing the authority with which Simpson spoke.

The next day, as I was smoking in my favorite place in my garden, I heard Miss Daisy on the other side of the wall chattering away to her Janet. Apparently they were having a game of ball, in which Daisy was not very skilful. Her little tongue never ceased the whole time.

"Dear me, Janet," she said, "how very bew'fly you catch it, and I miss it every time. Do show me how you do it. There, I thought I had got it that time, and I hadn't. Where is it gone? Oh, there it is, under the currant-bush! Now, Janet, throw it very, very slowly, and I'll come a bit nearer, like this." Then came a cry

of delight—a perfect shriek—to announce that Miss Daisy's manœuvre had succeeded. "See, see! I've caught it! I do believe it is the first time I have ever caught a ball which any one threw me in all my life. I must run in and tell mammy."

"No, Miss Daisy," says Janet, "you mustn't be running in to disturb your mamma. She's not so well this morning, and very like she's trying to sleep."

"Oh, very well; I'll tell Bridget and Ellen instead. Dear things! they bore the journey very well, didn't they? I thought this morning that Bridget was looking a little pale, so I gave her some 'nesia, and she's all right again now. They both look quite well, don't they, Janet dear?"

"Well, yes, Miss Daisy," said Janet, "they look much as usual. Dolls generally do, I think, until some one drops them and breaks them, or their paint gets worn off."

"Oh, Janet! How can you?" cried Daisy. "You talk as if Bridget and Ellen had no feeling; and it's very unkind of you, when you know they understand all you say. Why, mammy says they're quite comp'ny for me."

Then there was a violent sound of kissing—to console the insulted doll, I supposed—before the game of ball was resumed.

A minute or two later I heard a cry of dismay,—

"There, Janet, I've thrown my dear ball over the wall into the next garden; it went just here. Oh, Janet, what shall I do? You'll have to go round to the front door, and say that a little girl has thrown her ball over, and may you go to look for it."

"I think I hear some one in the garden," said Janet; "I can call and save myself the journey."

"Oh," cried Daisy eagerly, "perhaps it's a little girl, like me, who has no one to play with, and we might have a game of ball together over the wall; and then, don't you know, she would never see how often I missed catching, because of the wall."

In answer to Janet's call, I went and looked for Miss Daisy's treasure—a great leather ball—which I found under one of my rose-trees, from which it had broken two beautiful young shoots clean off. Much annoyed, I threw it back.

"Thank you," called Janet.

"Thank you, little girl," screamed Daisy. "Thanks, so much. Shall I

throw it back? Shall we have a game together?"

And before I could answer the ball landed on another choice flower.

This was too much for my patience. I called out angrily: "There are no little girls here, only an old man; and if you send your ball again among my flowers I'll throw it into the dust-bin, and you shall never see it again."

"Oh, Janet," said Daisy in an awe-stricken tone, "it is not a little child, it's an old man, and isn't he awful cross?"

"Hush, Miss Daisy, perhaps you've broken something."

"I hope I've broken nothing, old man," cried Daisy; "but you needn't be quite so cross if I have; I didn't do it for mischief. Fancy," she went on to Janet, "saying he would put my best ball, which that kind man in the hotel gave me, into the dust-bin. How I should have cried! And the dustman would have taken it home to his children, and the children would have said: 'What a heap of playthings the child must have who could throw away such a bewful ball!' Dear me, my precious ball, what a narrow escape you've had!"

That evening the young ladies at Number Seven had company. Every now and then a tall, thin curate came to spend the evening with them. On such occasions the piano had plenty of work, and I had a hard time.

They displayed their skill in "pieces" in which were a great many fireworks; the fireworks being generally represented by a crash of false notes. They played duets, in which they constantly left off to "get right." I could scarcely resist the impulse to beat time on the wall between my room and theirs. Then they sang. The curate's principal effort was "Nancy Lee," which he gave solemnly, and rather slowly, as if he were afraid of committing himself if he put any spirit into the performance. After this, with more or less stumbling came "Tom Bowling," then "Come into the garden, Maud," and then a grand wind-up of vocal duets and trios.

During these musical assaults on my peace I had only one means of self-defence — my violoncello — and to that I was obliged to resort. I was every bit as lame a performer on my side of the partition as they were on theirs, only I never began the attack. I made my noise to deafen my ears to theirs.

That evening, as they kept up their entertainment until midnight, with only a short break for supper, I was obliged to

have a very long practice. I grew more than weary, but I couldn't sit still and listen to them. That would have been too much. I went on as long as they did.

The next morning, as I sat reading my paper after breakfast, enter Simpson, with a "what's-going-to-happen-next?" expression on her face.

"The young person from next door — from Number Five — wishes to speak to you, sir," she said, while the young person followed her into the room.

Janet was a neat-looking maid, not at all like the smart young women who usually followed the fortunes of my nomadic neighbors.

"If you please, sir," she began, dropping an old-fashioned curtsy as she spoke, "I must beg pardon for the liberty I am taking. If you please, sir, my mistress is too ill to bear quite so much noise at night, and if you could leave fiddling a little earlier in the evening it would be a deal better for her, poor thing!"

She spoke very respectfully, but decidedly, as if she had no doubts of her right to make such a complaint. I could scarcely help smiling to think that I should be complained of as a noisy neighbor, after all I had silently endured during the past ten years.

"My girl," I said, somewhat sarcastically, "your mistress has sent you to the wrong house. If she wants quiet evenings, she must let the young ladies at Number Seven know, and see if they will oblige her."

Janet looked incredulous.

"The sounds came from this house, sir; at least, we quite thought so, otherwise I shouldn't have ventured to come in."

"The noise you heard did come from my house," I replied; "but the cause of it came from next door. You must explain that to your mistress, if you can, and tell her I am sorry I must disoblige her."

"I must tell you, sir," said Janet, looking rather red and conscious, "that my mistress has not sent me. I came on my own responsibility. I'll tell you why," she went on, getting a little bolder. "My poor mistress, whom I love very much, has gone through a sight of trouble, and she is all alone in the world, being left by those who ought to have cared for her. Her troubles have broken her health. A shock she had a few weeks back brought on a nervous fever. She was barely strong enough to be moved, when the doctor

ordered her here. The journey has brought on a relapse, which she can't get over if she's to be kept awake at night by that scraping—I beg pardon, sir, I mean your fiddling." Then, as I did not speak, she added: "I hope you won't take it amiss, sir; I'm sure I don't mean any disrespect to you."

"Don't apologize," I answered; "I am glad to see that you have so much consideration for your mistress. It is quite rare. As to my 'scraping,' I'll see about that; but I'll not make any rash promises."

When she had gone I called Simpson.

"Simpson," I said, "you know how those young ladies next door plague me with their piano and singing?"

"Yes, sir," was Simpson's ready reply; "I'm sure it's enough to plague any one; it makes me hate the sound of music. Why, my boy Bob, he make a deal more tune come out of a Jew's harp, he do."

"My good Simpson," I said, ignoring her last little flight of fancy, "has it ever occurred to you to go and say what a nuisance we find this music, and that you wished them to leave off playing, just for my sake, you know?"

"Goodness gracious, sir! Whatever do you mean?" cried my housekeeper aghast. "Why, I shouldn't have the assurance to do such a thing. I'm sure I wish often enough they'd shut up the pianny, but go and ask 'em to—la, sir, I daren't do it. Whatever made you ask me, sir?"

"Nothing particular, Simpson; nothing particular."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

DENYS L'AUXERROIS.

ALMOST every people, as we know, has had its legend of a "golden age," and of its return—legends which will hardly be forgotten, however prosaic the world may become, while man himself remains the aspiring, never quite contented being he is. And yet in truth, since we are no longer children, we might well question the advantage of the return to us of a condition of life in which, by the nature of the case, the values of things would, so to speak, lie wholly on their surfaces, unless we could regain also the childish consciousness, or rather unconsciousness, in ourselves to take all that adroitly and with the appropriate lightness of heart. The dream however has been left for the most

part in the usual vagueness of dreams; in their waking hours people have been too busy to furnish it forth with details. What follows is a quaint legend, with detail enough, of such a return of a golden or poetically gilded age (a denizen of old Greece itself actually finding his way back again among men) as it happened in an ancient town of mediæval France.

Of the French town properly so called in which the products of successive ages, not without lively touches of the present, are blended together harmoniously, with a beauty specific—a beauty cisalpine and northern, yet at the same time quite distinct from the massive German picturesque of Ulm, or Freiburg, or Augsburg—and of which Turner has found the ideal in certain of his studies of the rivers of France, a perfectly happy conjunction of river and town being of the essence of its physiognomy—the town of Auxerre is perhaps the most complete realization to be found by the actual wanderer. Certainly for picturesque expression it is the most memorable of a distinguished group of three in these parts, —Auxerre, Sens, Troyes,—each gathered, as if with deliberate aim at such effect, about the central mass of a huge grey cathedral.

Around Troyes the natural picturesque is to be sought only in the rich, almost coarse, summer coloring of the Champagne country, of which the very tiles, the plaister and brickwork of its tiny villages and great straggling, village-like farms, have caught the warmth. The cathedral, visible far and wide over the fields seemingly of loose wild-flowers, itself a rich mixture of all the varieties of the pointed style down to the latest *flamboyant*, may be noticed among the greater French churches for breadth of proportions internally, and is famous for its almost unrivalled treasure of stained glass, chiefly of a florid, elaborate, later type, with much highly conscious artistic contrivance in design as well as in color. In one of the richest of its windows, for instance, certain lines of pearly white run hither and thither, with delightful distant effect, upon ruby and dark blue. Approaching nearer you find it to be a travellers' window, and those odd lines of white the long walking-staves in the hands of Abraham, Raphael, the Magi, and the other saintly patrons of journeys. The appropriate provincial character of the *bourgeoisie* of Champagne is still to be seen, it would appear, among the citizens of Troyes. Its streets, for the most part in timber and parqueting, present more than one unaltered specimen

of the ancient *hôtel* or town house, with fore-court and garden in the rear; and its more devout citizens would seem even in their church-building to have sought chiefly to please the eyes of those occupied with mundane affairs and out of doors, for they have finished, with abundant outlay, only the vast useless portals of their parish churches, of a surprising height and lightness, in a kind of wildly elegant Gothic-on-stilts, giving to the streets of Troyes a peculiar air of the grotesque, as if in some quaint nightmare of the Middle Age.

At Sens, thirty miles away to the west, a place of far graver aspect, the name of Jean Cousin denotes a more chastened temper, even in these sumptuous decorations. Here all is cool and composed, with an almost English austerity. The first growth of the pointed style in England — the hard "early English" of Canterbury — is indeed the creation of William, a master reared in the architectural school of Sens; and the severity of his taste might seem to have acted as a restraining power of all the subsequent changes of manner in this place — changes in themselves for the most part towards luxuriance. In harmony with the atmosphere of its great church is the cleanly quiet of the town, kept fresh by little channels of clear water circulating through its streets, derivatives of the rapid Yonne which falls just below into the Yonne. The Yonne, bending gracefully link after link through a never-ending rustle of poplar-trees, beneath lowly vine-clad hills, with relics of delicate woodland here and there, sometimes close at hand, sometimes leaving an interval of broad meadow, has all the lightsome characteristics of French riverside scenery on a smaller scale than usual, and might pass for the child's fancy of a river, like the rivers of the old miniature-painters, blue and full to a fair green margin. One notices along its course a greater proportion than elsewhere of still untouched old seignorial residences, larger or smaller. The range of old gibbous towns along its banks, expanding their gay quays upon the water-side, have a common character, — Joigny, Villeneuve, Saint Julien-du-Sault, — yet tempt us to tarry at each and examine its relics, old glass, and the like, of the Renaissance or the Middle Age, for the acquisition of real though minor lessons on the various arts which have left themselves a central monument at Auxerre, — Auxerre! A slight ascent in the winding road! and you have before you the prettiest town in France —

the broad framework of vineyard sloping gently to the horizon, with distant white cottages inviting one to walk; the quiet curve of river below, with all the riverside details; the three great purple-tiled masses of Saint Germain, Saint Pierre, and the Cathedral of Saint Etienne, rising out of the crowded houses with more than the usual abruptness and irregularity of French building. Here that rare artist, the susceptible painter of architecture, if he understands the value alike of line and mass, of broad masses and delicate lines, has "a subject made to his hand."

A veritable country of the vine, it presents nevertheless an expression peaceful rather than radiant. Perfect type of that happy mean between northern earnestness and the luxury of the south, for which we prize midland France, its physiognomy is not quite happy — attractive in part for its melancholy. Its most characteristic atmosphere is to be seen when the tide of light and distant cloud is travelling quickly over it, when rain is not far off, and every touch of art or of time on its old building is defined in clear grey. A fine summer ripens its grapes into a valuable wine; but in spite of that it seems always longing for a larger and more continuous allowance of the sunshine that is so much to its taste. You might fancy something querulous or plaintive in that rustling movement of the vine-leaves, as blue-frocked Jacques Bonhomme finishes his day's labor among them.

To beguile one such afternoon when the rain set in early and walking was impossible, I found my way to the shop of an old dealer in *bric-à-brac*. It was not a monotonous display, after the manner of the Parisian dealer, of a stock in trade the like of which one has seen many times over, but a discriminate collection of real curiosities. One seemed to recognize a provincial school of taste in various relics of the housekeeping of the last century, with many a gem of earlier times from the old churches and religious houses of the neighborhood. Among them was a large and brilliant fragment of stained glass which might have come from the cathedral itself. Of the very finest quality in color and design, it presented a figure not exactly conformable to any recognized ecclesiastical type; and it was clearly part of a series. On my eager inquiry for the remainder, the old man replied that no more of it was known, but added that the priest of a neighboring village was the possessor of an entire set of tapestries, apparently intended for sus-

pension in church, and designed to portray the whole subject of which the figure in the stained glass was a portion.

Next afternoon accordingly I repaired to the priest's house, in reality a little Gothic building, part perhaps of an ancient manor-house, close to the village church. In the front garden, flower garden and *potager* in one, the bees were busy among the autumn growths — many-colored asters, bignonias, scarlet beans, and the old-fashioned parsonage flowers. The courteous owner readily showed me his tapestries, some of which hung on the walls of his parlor and staircase by way of a background for the display of the other curiosities of which he was a collector. Certainly, those tapestries and the stained glass dealt with the same theme. In both were the same musical instruments — pipes, cymbals, long reed-like trumpets. The story, indeed, included the building of an organ — just such an instrument, only on a larger scale, as was standing in the old priest's library, though almost soundless now; whereas in certain of the woven pictures the hearers appear as if transported, some of them shouting rapturously to the organ music. A sort of mad vehemence prevails, indeed, throughout the delicate bewilderments of the whole series — giddy dances, wild animals leaping, above all perpetual wreathings of the vine, connecting, like some mazy arabesque, the various presentations of one oft-repeated figure, translated here out of the clear-colored glass into the sadder, somewhat opaque and earthen hues of the silken threads. The figure was that of the organ-builder himself, a flaxen and flowery creature, sometimes well nigh naked among the vine-leaves, sometimes muffled in skins against the cold, sometimes in the dress of a monk, but always with a strong impress of real character and incident from the veritable streets of Auxerre. What is it? Certainly, notwithstanding its grace, and wealth of graceful accessories, a suffering, tortured figure. With all the regular beauty of a pagan god, he has suffered after a manner of which we must suppose pagan gods incapable. It was as if one of those fair, triumphant beings had cast in his lot with the creatures of an age later than his own, people of larger spiritual capacity and assuredly of a larger capacity for melancholy. With this fancy in my mind, by the help of certain notes which lay in the priest's curious library upon the history of the works at the cathedral during the period of its finishing, and in repeated

examination of the old tapestried designs, the story shaped itself at last.

Towards the middle of the thirteenth century the Cathedral of Saint Etienne was complete in its main outlines; what remained was the building of the great tower, and all that various labor of final decoration which it would take more than one generation to accomplish. Certain circumstances, however, not wholly explained, led to a somewhat rapid finishing, as it were out of hand, yet with a marvellous fulness at once and grace. Of the result much has perished, or been transferred elsewhere; a portion is still visible in sumptuous relics of stained windows, and, above all, in the reliefs which adorn the western portals, very delicately carved in a fine, firm stone from Tonnerre, of which time has only browned the surface, and which, for early mastery in art, may be compared to the contemporary work of Italy. They come nearer than the art of that age was used to do to the expression of life; with a feeling for reality, in no ignoble form, caught, it might seem, from the ardent and full-veined existence then current in these actual streets and houses. Just then Auxerre had its turn in that political movement which broke out sympathetically, first in one, then in another of the towns of France, turning their narrow, feudal institutions into a free, communistic life — a movement of which those great centres of popular devotion, the French cathedrals, are in many instances the monument. Closely connected always with the assertion of individual freedom, alike in mind and manners, at Auxerre this political stir was associated also, as cause or effect, with the figure and character of a particular personage, long remembered. He was the very genius, it would appear, of that new, free, generous manner in art, active and potent as a living creature.

As the most skilful of the band of carvers worked there one day, with a labor he could never quite make equal to the vision within him, a finely sculptured Greek coffin of stone, which had been made to serve for some later Roman funeral, was unearthed by the masons, with the thing done and art achieved, as far as regards those final graces and harmonies of execution, which were precisely what lay beyond the hand of the mediæval workman, who for his part had largely at command a seriousness of conception lacking in the old Greek. Within the coffin lay an object of a fresh and brilliant clearness among the ashes of the dead — a flask of

lively green glass, like a great emerald. It might have been the wondrous vessel of the Grail. Only, this object seemed to bring back no ineffable purity, but rather the riotous and earthy heat of old paganism itself. Coated within, and, as some were persuaded, still redolent with the tawny sediment of the Roman wine it had held so long ago, it was set aside for use at the supper which was shortly to celebrate the completion of the masons' work. Amid much talk of the great age of old, and some random expressions of hope that it might return again, fine old wine of Auxerre was sipped in small glasses from the precious flask as supper ended. And, whether or not the opening of the buried vessel had anything to do with it, from that time a sort of golden age seemed indeed to be reigning there for a while, and the triumphant completion of the great church was contemporary with a series of remarkable wine seasons. The vintage of those years was long remembered. Fine and abundant wine was to be found stored up even in poor men's cottages; while a new beauty, a gaiety, was abroad, as all the conjoint arts branched out exuberantly in a reign of quiet, delighted labor, at the prompting, as it seemed, of the singular being who came suddenly and oddly to Auxerre to be the centre of so pleasant a period, though in truth he made but a sad ending.

A singular usage long perpetuated itself at Auxerre. On Easter day the canons, in the very centre of the great church, played solemnly at ball. Vespers being sung, instead of conducting the bishop to his palace, they proceeded in order into the nave, the people standing in two long rows to watch. Girding up their skirts a little way, the whole body of clerics awaited their turn in silence, while the captain of the singing boys cast the ball into the air, as high as he might, along the vaulted roof of the central aisle to be caught by any boy who could, and tossed again with hand or foot till it passed on to the portly chanters, the chaplains, the canons themselves, who finally played out the game with all the decorum of an ecclesiastical ceremony. It was just then, just as the canons took the ball to themselves so gravely, that Denys — Denys l'Auxerrois, as he was afterwards called — appeared for the first time. Leaping in among the timid children, he made the thing really a game. The boys played like boys, the men almost like madmen, and all with a delightful glee which became contagious, first in the clerical body, and then among

the spectators. The aged dean of the chapter, protonotary of his Holiness, held up his purple skirt a little higher, and stepping from the ranks with an amazing levity, as if suddenly relieved of his burden of eighty years, tossed the ball with his foot to the venerable capitial homilist, equal to the occasion. And then, unable to stand inactive any longer, the laity carried on the game among themselves, with shouts of not too boisterous amusement; the sport continuing till the flight of the ball could no longer be traced along the dusky aisles.

Though the home of his childhood was but a humble one — one of those little cliff houses cut out in the low chalky hillside, such as are still to be found with inhabitants in certain districts of France — there were some who connected his birth with the story of a beautiful country girl, who, about eighteen years before, had been taken from her own people, not unwillingly, for the pleasure of the Count of Auxerre. She had wished indeed to see the great lord, who had sought her privately, in the glory of his own house; but, terrified by the strange splendors of her new abode and manner of life, and the anger of the true wife, she had fled suddenly from the place during the confusion of a violent storm, and in her flight given birth prematurely to a child. The child, a singularly fair one, was found alive, but the mother dead, by lightning-stroke as it seemed, not far from her lord's chamber door, under the shelter of a ruined ivy-clad tower. Denys himself certainly was a joyous lad enough. At the cliffside cottage, nestling actually beneath the vineyards, he grew to be an unrivalled gardener, and, grown to manhood, brought his produce to market, keeping a stall in the great cathedral square for the sale of melons and pomegranates, all manner of seeds and flowers (*omnia speciosa camporum*), honey also, wax tapers, sweetmeats hot from the frying-pan, rough home-made pots and pans from the little pottery in the wood, loaves baked by the aged woman in whose house he lived. On that Easter day he had entered the great church for the first time, for the purpose of seeing the game.

And from the very first, the women who saw him at his business, or watering his plants in the cool of the evening, idled for him. The men who noticed the crowd of women at his stall, and how even fresh young girls from the country, seeing him for the first time, always loitered there, suspected who could tell what kind of

powers? hidden under the white veil of that youthful form; and pausing to ponder the matter, found themselves also fallen into the snare. The sight of him made old people feel young again. Even the sage monk Hermes, devoted to study and experiment, was unable to keep the fruit-seller out of his mind, and would fain have discovered the secret of his charm, partly for the friendly purpose of explaining to the lad himself his perhaps more than natural gifts with a view to their profitable cultivation.

It was a period, as older men took note, of young men and their influence. They took fire, no one could quite explain how, as if at his presence, and asserted a wonderful amount of volition, of insolence, yet as if with the consent of their elders, who would themselves sometimes lose their balance, a little comically. That revolution in the temper and manner of individuals concurred with the movement then on foot at Auxerre, as in other French towns, for the liberation of the *commune* from its old feudal superiors. Denys they called *Frank*, among many other nicknames. Young lords prided themselves on saying that labor should have its ease, and were almost prepared to take freedom, plebeian freedom (of course duly decorated at least with wildflowers) for a bride. For in truth Denys at his stall was turning the grave, slow movement of politic heads into a wild, social license, which for a while made life like a stage play. He first led those long processions, through which by-and-by "the little people," the discontented, the despairing, would utter their minds. One man engaged with another in talk in the market-place; a new influence came forth at the contact; another and then another adhered; at last a new spirit was abroad everywhere. The hot nights were noisy with swarming troops of dishevelled women and youths with red-stained limbs and faces, carrying their lighted torches over the vine-clad hills, or rushing down the streets, to the horror of timid watchers, towards the cool spaces by the river. A shrill music, a laughter at all things, was everywhere. And the new spirit repaired even to church to take part in the novel offices of the Feast of Fools. Heads flung back in ecstasy — the morning sleep among the vines, when the fatigue of the night was over — dew-drenched garments — the serf lying at his ease at last; the artists, then so numerous at the place, caught what they could, something at least, of the richness, the flexibility, of the visible aspects of life from all this.

With them the life of seeming idleness, to which Denys was conducting the youth of Auxerre so pleasantly, counted but as the cultivation, for their due service to man, of delightful natural things. And the powers of nature concurred. It seemed there would be winter no more. The planet Mars drew nearer to the earth than usual, hanging in the low sky like a fiery red lamp. A massive but wellnigh lifeless vine on the wall of the cloister, allowed to remain there only as a curiosity on account of its immense age, in that *great* season, as it was long after called, clothed itself with fruit once more. The culture of the grape greatly increased. The sunlight fell for the first time on many a spot of deep woodland cleared for vine-growing; though Denys, a lover of trees, was careful to leave a stately specimen of forest growth here and there.

When his troubles came, one characteristic that had seemed most amiable in his prosperity was turned against him, a fondness for oddly grown or even misshapen, yet potentially happy, children; for odd animals also; he sympathized with them all, was skilful in healing their maladies, saved the hare in the chase, and sold his mantle to redeem a lamb from the butcher. He taught the people not to be afraid of the strange, ugly creatures which the light of the moving torches drew from their hiding-places, nor think it a bad omen that they approached. He tamed a veritable wolf to keep him company like a dog. It was the first of many ambiguous circumstances about him, from which, in the minds of an increasing number of people, a deep suspicion and hatred began to define itself. The rich *bestiary*, then compiling in the library of the great church, became, through his assistance, nothing less than a garden of Eden — the garden of Eden grown wild. The owl alone he abhorred. A little later, partly as if in revenge, alone of all animals it clung to him, haunting him persistently among the dusky stone towers, when grown gentler than ever he dared not kill it. He moved unhurt in the famous *ménagerie* of the castle, of which the common people were so much afraid, and led out the lions, themselves timid prisoners enough, through the streets during the fair. The incident suggested to the somewhat barren penmen of the day a "morality" adapted from the old pagan books, — a stage play in which the god of wine should return in triumph from the East. In the cathedral square the pageant was presented, amid an intolerable noise of every kind of

pipe-music, with Denys in the chief part, upon a gaily painted chariot, in soft silken raiment and, for headdress, a strange elephant scalp with gilded tusks.

And that unrivalled fairness and freshness of aspect—how did he alone preserve it untouched, through the wind and heat? In truth, it was not by magic, as some said, but by a natural simplicity in his living. When that dark season of his troubles came he was heard begging querulously one wintry night, "Give me wine, meat; dark wine and brown meat!" come back to the rude door of his old home in the cliffside. Till that time the great vine-dresser himself drank only water; he had lived on spring water and fruit. A lover of fertility in all its forms, in what did but suggest it, he was curious and penetrative concerning the habits of water, and had the secret of the divining-rod. Long before it came he could detect the scent of rain from afar, and would climb with delight to the great scaffolding on the unfinished tower to watch its coming over the thirsty vine-land, till it rattled on the great tiled roof of the church below; and then, throwing off his mantle, allow it to bathe his limbs freely, clinging firmly against the tempestuous wind among the carved imageries of dark stone.

It was on his sudden return after a long journey (one of many inexplicable disappearances) coming back changed somewhat, that he ate flesh for the first time, tearing the hot, red morsels with his delicate fingers in a kind of wild greed. He had fled to the south from the first forbidding days of a hard winter which came at last. At the great seaport of Marseilles he had trafficked with sailors from all parts of the world, from Arabia and India, and bought their wares, exposed now for sale, to the wonder of all, at the Easter fair—richer wines and incense than had been known in Auxerre, seeds of marvelous new flowers, creatures wild and tame, new pottery painted in raw gaudy tints, the skins of animals, meats fried with unheard-of condiments. His stall formed a strange unwonted patch of color, found suddenly displayed in the hot morning.

The artists were more delighted than ever, and frequently his company in the little manorial habitation, deserted long since by its owners and haunted, so that the eyes of many looked evil upon it, where he had taken up his abode; attracted, in the first instance, by its rich though neglected garden, a tangle of every kind of creeping vine-like plant. Here, surrounded in abundance by the pleasant

materials of his trade, the vine-dresser as it were turned pedant and kept school for the various artists, who learned here an art supplementary to their own,—that gay magic, namely (art or trick), of his existence, till they found themselves grown into a kind of aristocracy, like veritable *gens fleur-de-lisés*, as they worked together for the decoration of the great church and a hundred other places beside. And yet a darkness had grown upon him. The kind creature had lost something of his gentleness. Strange motiveless misdeeds had happened; and, at a loss for other causes, not the envious only would fain have traced the blame to Denys. He was making the younger world mad. Would he make himself Count of Auxerre? The lady Ariane, deserted by her former lover, had looked kindly upon him; was ready to make him son-in-law to the old count her father, old and not long for this world. The wise monk Hermes bethought him of certain old readings in which the wine-god, whose part Denys had played so well, had his contrast, his dark or antipathetic side; was like a double creature of two natures, difficult or impossible to harmonize. And in truth the much-prized wine of Auxerre has itself but a fugitive charm, being apt to sicken and turn gross long before the bottle is empty, however carefully sealed; as it goes indeed, at its best, by hard names, among those who grow it, such as *chainette* and *migraine*.

A kind of degeneration, of coarseness—the coarseness of satiety and shapeless battered-out appetite—with an almost savage taste for carnivorous diet, had come over the company. A rumor went abroad of certain women who had drowned in mere wantonness their new-born babes. A girl with child was found hanged by her own act in a dark cellar. Ah! if Denys also had not felt himself mad! But when the guilt of a murder, committed with a great vine-axe far out among the vineyards, was attributed vaguely to him, he could but wonder whether it had been indeed thus, and the shadow of a fancied crime abode with him. People turned against their favorite, whose former charms must now be counted only as the fascinations of witchcraft. It was as if the wine poured out for them had soured in the cup. The golden age had indeed come back for a while—golden was it, or gilded only, after all? and they were too sick, or at least too serious, to carry through their parts in it. The monk Hermes was whimsically reminded of that *afterthought* in pagan poetry, of a wine-

god who had been in hell. Denys certainly, with all his flaxen fairness about him, was manifestly a sufferer. At first he thought of departing secretly to some other place. Alas! his wits were too far gone for certainty of success in the attempt. He feared to be brought back a prisoner. Those fat years were over. It was a time of scarcity. The working people might not eat and drink of the good things they had helped to store away. Tears rose in the eyes of needy children, of old or weak people like children, as they woke up again and again to sunless, frost-bound, ruinous mornings; and the little hungry creatures went prowling after scattered hedge-nuts or dried vine-tendrils. Mysterious, dark rains prevailed throughout the summer. The great offices of Saint John were fumbled through in a sudden darkness of unseasonable storm, which greatly damaged the carved ornaments of the church, the bishop reading his midday mass by the light of the little candle at his book. And then, one night, the night which seemed literally to have swallowed up the shortest day in the year, a plot was contrived by certain persons to take Denys as he went and kill him privately for a sorcerer. He could hardly tell how he escaped, and found himself safe in his earliest home, the cottage in the cliffside, with such a big fire as he delighted in burning upon the hearth. They made a little feast as well as they could for the beautiful hunted creature, with abundance of wax-lights.

And at last the clergy bethought themselves of a remedy for this evil time. The body of Saint Edme had lain neglected somewhere under the flagstones of the sanctuary. This must be piously exhumed, and provided with a shrine worthy of it. The goldsmiths, the jewellers and lapidaries, set diligently to work, and no long time after the shrine, like a little cathedral with portals and tower complete, stood ready, its chiselled gold framing panels of rock crystal, on the great altar. Many bishops arrived with King Lewis the saint himself, accompanied by his mother, to assist at the search for and disinterment of the sacred relics. In their presence, the Bishop of Auxerre, in vestments of deep red in honor of the relics, blessed the new shrine, according to the office *De benedictione capsarum pro reliquiis*. The pavement of the choir, removed amid a surging sea of lugubrious chants, all persons fasting, discovered as if it had been a battle-field of mouldering human remains. Their odor rose plainly

above the plentiful clouds of incense, such as was used in the king's private chapel. The search for the saint himself continued in vain all day and far into the night. At last from a little narrow chest, into which the remains had been almost crushed together, the bishop's red gloved hands drew the dwindled body, shrunken inconceivably, but still with every feature of the face traceable in a sudden oblique ray of ghastly dawn.

That shocking sight, after a sharp fit as if a demon were going out of him, as he rolled on the turf of the cloister, to which he had fled alone from the suffocating church where the crowd still awaited the procession of the relics and the mass *De reliquiis quæ continentur in Ecclesiis*, seemed indeed to have cured the madness of Denys, but certainly did not restore his gaiety. He was left a subdued, silent, melancholy creature. Turning now, with an odd revulsion of feeling, to gloomy objects, he picked a ghastly shred from the common bones on the pavement to wear about his neck, and in a little while found his way to the monks of St. Germain, who gladly received him into their workshop, though secretly in fear of his foes.

The busy tribe of variously gifted artists, laboring rapidly at the many works on hand for the final embellishment of the Cathedral of Saint Etienne, made those conventual buildings just then cheerful enough to lighten a melancholy heavy even as that of our friend Denys. He took his place among the workmen, a conventual novice; a novice also as to whatever concerns any actual handicraft. He could but compound sweet incense for the sanctuary. And yet, again by merely visible presence, he made himself felt in all the varied exercise around him of those arts which address themselves first of all to sight. He defined unconsciously a manner, alike of feeling and expression, to those skilful hands at work day by day with the chisel, the pencil, or the needle, in many an enduring form of exquisite fancy. In three successive phases or fashions might be traced, especially in the carved work, the humors he had determined. There was first wild gaiety, exuberant in a wreathing of lifelike imageries, from which nothing really present in nature was excluded. That, as the soul of Denys darkened, had passed into obscure regions of the satiric, the grotesque and coarse. But from this time there was manifest, with no loss of power or effect, a well-assured seriousness, somewhat jealous and exclusive; not so much in the

selection of the material on which the arts were to work, as in the precise sort of expression that should be induced upon it. It was as if the gay old pagan world had been blessed in some way; and was seen most clearly in the rich miniature work of the manuscripts of the capitular library—a marvellous Ovid, especially, upon the pages of which those old loves and sorrows seemed to come to life again in mediæval costume, as Denys, in cowl now and with tonsured head, leaned over the painter, and by a kind of visible sympathy, often unspoken, led his work, rather than by any formal comment.

Above all, there was a desire abroad to attain the instruments of a freer and more various sacred music than had been in use hitherto—a music that might express the whole compass of souls now grown to manhood. Auxerre, indeed, then as afterwards, was famous for its liturgical music. It was Denys, at last, to whom the thought occurred of combining in a fuller tide of music all the instruments then in use. Like the wine-god of old, he had been a lover and patron especially of the music of the pipe, in all its varieties. Here, too, there had been evident those three fashions or “modes.” First, the simple and pastoral, the homely note of the pipe, like the piping of the wind itself from off the distant fields; then the wild, savage din, that had cost so much to quiet people, and driven excitable people mad. Now he would compose all this to sweeter purposes; and the building of the first organ became like the book of his life; it expanded to the full compass of his nature, in its sorrow and delight. In long, enjoyable days of wind and sun by the riverside, the seemingly half-witted brother sought and found the needful varieties of reed. The carpenters, under his instruction, set up the great wooden passages for the thunder; while the little pipes of pasteboard simulated the sound of the human voice singing to the victorious notes of the long metal trumpets. At times, this also, as people heard night after night those wandering sounds, seemed like the work of a madman, though they awoke sometimes in wonder at snatches of a new, an unmistakable new music. It was the triumph of all the various modes of the power of the pipe, tamed, ruled, united. On the painted shutters of the organ case Apollo with his lyre in his hand, as lord of the strings, seemed to look askance on the music of the reed, in all the jealousy with which he put Marsyas to death so cruelly.

Meantime the people, even his enemies, seemed to have forgotten him. Enemies, in truth, they still were, ready to take his life should the opportunity come; as he perceived when at last he ventured forth on a day of public ceremony. The bishop was to pronounce a blessing upon the foundations of a new bridge, designed to take the place of the ancient Roman bridge which, repaired in a thousand places, had hitherto served for the chief passage of the Yonne. It was as if the disturbing of that time-worn masonry let out the dark spectres of departed times. Deep down, at the core of the central pile, a painful object was exposed—the skeleton of a child, placed there alive, it was rightly surmised, in the superstitious belief that, by way of vicarious substitution, its death would secure the safety of all who should pass over. There were some who found themselves, with a little surprise, looking round as if for a similar pledge of security in their new undertaking. It was just then that Denys was seen plainly standing in all essential features precisely as of old upon one of the great stones prepared for the foundation of the new building. For a moment he felt the eyes of the people upon him full of this strange humor, and with characteristic alertness, after a rapid gaze over the grey city in its broad, green frame of vineyards, best seen from this spot, flung himself down into the water and disappeared from view where the stream flowed most swiftly below a row of flour-mills. Some indeed fancied they had seen him emerge again safely on the deck of one of the great boats, loaded with grapes and wreathed triumphantly with flowers like a floating garden, which were then bringing down the vintage from the country; but generally the people believed their strange enemy now at last departed forever. Denys in truth was at work again in peace at the cloister, upon his house of reeds and pipes. At times his fits came upon him again; and when they came, for his cure he would dig eagerly, turned sexton now, digging by choice graves for the dead in the various churchyards of the town. There were those who had seen him thus employed (that form seeming still to carry the sunlight upon it) peering into the darkness, while his tears fell sometimes among the grim relics his mattock had disturbed.

In fact, from the day of the exhumation of the body of the saint in the great church, he had had a wonderful curiosity for such objects, and one wintry day bethought him of removing the body of his mother

from the unconsecrated ground in which it lay, that he might bury it in the cloister near the spot where he now worked. At twilight he came over the frozen snow. As he passed through the stony barriers of the place the world around seemed curdled to the centre—all but himself, fighting his way across it, turning now and then right about from the persistent wind, which dealt so roughly with his blond hair and the purple mantle whirled about him. The bones, hastily gathered, he placed, awfully but without ceremony, in a hollow space prepared secretly within the grave of another.

Meantime the winds of his organ were ready to blow; and with difficulty he obtained grace from the chapter for a trial of its powers on a notable public occasion, as follows. A singular guest was expected at Auxerre. In recompense for some service rendered to the chapter in times gone by, the Sire de Chastellux had the hereditary dignity of a canon of the church. On the day of his reception he presented himself at the entrance of the choir in surplice and amice worn over the military habit. The old Count of Chastellux was lately dead, and the heir had announced his coming according to custom to claim his ecclesiastical privilege. There had been long feud between the houses of Chastellux and Auxerre; but on this happy occasion an offer of peace came with a proposal for the hand of the lady Ariane.

The goodly young man arrived, and, duly arrayed, was received into his stall at vespers, the bishop assisting. It was then that the people heard the music of the organ, rolling over them for the first time, with various feelings of delight. But the performer on and author of the instrument was forgotten in his work, and there was no reinstatement of the former favorite. The religious ceremony was followed by a civic festival, in which Auxerre welcomed its future lord. The festival would end at nightfall with a somewhat rude popular pageant, in which the person of Winter would be hunted blindfold through the streets. It was the sequel to that old stage play of the return from the East in which Denys had been the central figure. The old forgotten player saw his part before him, and, as if mechanically, fell again into the chief place, monk's dress and all. It might restore his popularity: who could tell? Hastily he donned the ashen-grey mantle, the rough haircloth about the throat, and went through the preliminary play. And it happened that

at a point of the haircloth scratched his lip deeply, with a long trickling of blood upon the chin. It was as if the sight of blood transported the spectators with a kind of mad rage, and suddenly revealed to them the truth. The pretended hunting of the unholy creature became a real one, which brought out in rapid increase men's evil passions. The soul of Denys was already at rest, as his body, now borne along in front of the crowd, was tossed hither and thither, torn at last limb from limb. The men stuck little shreds of his flesh, or, failing that, of his torn raiment, into their caps; the women lending their long hairpins for the purpose. The monk Hermes sought in vain next day for any remains of the body of his friend. Only, at nightfall, the heart of Denys was brought to him by a stranger, still entire. It must long since have mouldered into dust under the stone, marked with a cross, where he buried it in a dark corner of the cathedral aisle.

So the figure in the stained glass explained itself. To me, Denys seemed to have been a real resident at Auxerre. On days of a certain atmosphere, when the trace of the Middle Age comes out like old marks in the stones in rainy weather, I seemed actually to have seen the tortured figure there—to have met Denys l'Auxerrois in the streets.

WALTER PATER.

From The National Review.

LES ECREHOUS.

It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the greater number of those who read the name at the head of this paper now see it for the first time. And of those who are aware, in a vague way, that Les Ecrehous are islands, or, rather, a little group of rocky islets, situated between Jersey and France, and the field of a dispute which rages perpetually between the fishermen of the two countries, there are not likely to be more than one or two who have any definite opinion as to the rights of the dispute, or consider it to be a matter of the slightest importance.

The Channel Islands themselves, it may be said, do not at present occupy a very large space in the Englishman's field of view. People whose imagination is ever on the stretch to realize the vast extent of their possessions and interests in the most distant parts of the world, not unnaturally overlook the importance of what is not

quite near enough to be obvious, and not far enough away to be within focus of their telescopic gaze. So that, although everybody knows that the Channel Islands are quite in the south of the English Channel, and, moreover, that they are nearer to France than to England, yet it is far from generally recognized how exceedingly close to France they are, nor do the practical bearings of this fact come into common consideration.

Let us suppose a straight line, in length something more than one hundred and sixty miles, to be drawn from Cape de la Hague to Ile d'Ouessant, forming the third side of a triangle, and enclosing a vast bay, the eastern side of which is the west coast of Normandy (*la basse Normandie*), and the southern is the north coast of Brittany. Within this triangular space, and distant as far to the south-east of our imaginary straight line as it is from the nearest point of France, which is distant from it no more than thirteen miles in a north-easterly direction, lies Jersey. Of Great Britain, therefore, Jersey is the farthest outpost towards French territory, some ten times, moreover, nearer to a foreign coast than to her own mainland. In the event of a war with France, there can be no doubt but that Jersey and Guernsey would be among the very first places attacked, probably would be the very first places, from the importance of their commanding position in the English Channel. The learned William Pless, in his account of the island of Jersey, says:—

The island might, indeed, demand respect as part of a peculiar and venerable heirloom of the English Crown, but even this unique and honorable claim to regard is strengthened by the advantage acquired by Great Britain from its situation. It is a rampart, an advanced post, a frontier; and in these several relations it has withstood fierce assaults and humbled the pride of many a celebrated warrior. Placed within the very jaws of a mighty, an inveterate, and sometimes an insidious foe, it has constantly kept on the alert, has nobly resisted the force, and indignantly spurned the seductive promises of a powerful neighbor, to whom possession of the islands in this quarter would prove an inestimable acquisition.

And we shall presently quote some remarks from the French side of the question, showing how fully they are aware of the importance of the island to us, and the envy with which they regard it. But, though both Jersey and France are quite awake in the matter, the one eager on any pretence to snatch any the slightest advantage, the other always on the watch

and justly suspicious of any movement which savors of aggression, the existence of these feelings is but little considered in England. Nevertheless, it is in the light of this position of Jersey and of these feelings that the dispute about Les Ecréhous, which in England we have not heard of, or, hearing of, dismiss with a shrug as too trifling for notice, may be seen to be actually of no little consequence, and also to have implications reaching beyond the mere question of fishery rights, although even this is a serious one to the people of Jersey. We propose to give a brief account of Les Ecréhous, of the fishing dispute and the rights of the case, and, in conclusion, to suggest some reasons why the solicitude of Jersey in the matter should not be entirely ignored.

The bold high cliff of bright-colored granite at the extreme north-eastern corner of the island will afford us an excellent point of view and starting-place. From here we are distant only about thirteen miles from the small towns of Port Bail and Carteret, in France. Although, indeed, for the best view of the opposite shore we must go down along the coast to where, overlooking the little port of Gouray, is the castle of Mont Orgueil,

D'iou qu'on peut vaie sus les côtes de France
Des maisons, des moulins, et l'elciochi de Coute-
tance,

as a poet of Jersey has it.

From our position at the north-eastern headland we shall see, if it be low tide, apparently midway between the two coasts, and running parallel to Jersey, an expanse of brown seaweed-covered rock and broken masses of granite, a small group of picturesque islets. These are Les Ecréhous. Around them, and extending towards the north-north-west for a considerable distance, there are breakers and troubled waters that tell of a hidden reef. At high tide the scene is different, and the greater part of the reef is hidden from view; but still, rising out above the highest sea-level, we can see grouped together the principal islets, Les Ecréhous proper, the inhabitable portion of the reef, and god-parents, as it were, of the whole plateau. The largest islet of the group is the Maitre-Ile, and upon it are to be found the ruins, or, rather, the old foundations, of an ancient priory, which, as we shall presently see, forms a most important link in the chain of evidence upon which rests the claim of Jersey to the possession of the group. But, although this is the largest islet, yet, because of the steepness of its

sides and the violent rush of the tide, it is not so important, nor of so much use, as another, the Marmoutière. On the Marmoutière are some small cottages, the property of Jersey fishermen, where they stay occasionally for two or three days at a time, but which are chiefly used as receptacles for their spare fishing-gear. Only one of the cottages is inhabited all the year round.

The one solitary inhabitant of the group is a Jerseyman, by name Pinet, himself the oldest and the youngest, "le roi des Ecréhous," as they call him, although at present, like his brother of Yvetôt, he is *peu connu dans l'histoire*. Sovereign and subjects, ruler and ruled, all in one, he has chosen La Marmoutière for the royal residence because of its greater accessibility in bad weather, when, indeed, it is not possible to land upon the larger rock. Even as it is, when the sea runs high, driven by gales, the water finds its level in his cellar and his kitchen, and sometimes—for the improvident despot has built upon the beach—ousts him altogether from the homestead, to perch upon the roof like some melancholy species of wingless fowl until the tide has turned. For many years a faithful consort bore the monarch company, sharing his kingdom and the cares of state, and also (which, perhaps, was more important) lending her help in the fishing and gardening operations necessary to the support of the population. Of late, however, growing infirmities have compelled her to find a more comfortable, if a less august, home in the Jersey hospital, and the old man is left to play the double rôle of hermit and king in solitary grandeur. He visits Jersey at intervals, which become rarer with every year. It is recorded that, upon one occasion (inspired, doubtless, by an access of that glowing virtue which, having weighed *pros* and *cons*, comes to the conclusion that the advantages of honesty are likely, upon the whole, to be greater than those of the opposite course), in his punt he towed to the mainland, with incredible labor, a cask of Spanish wine which had drifted upon the islet from some wreck. Unfortunately, he was not rewarded for his toil, and since that time, whether any have reached his domain or no, it is certain that no more casks have been brought to the land.

This group of islets, Les Ecréhous, are, as we said, the centre of a dispute now of long standing, and still unsettled, between the hardy Breton and Franco-Norman fishers and the Jerseymen, as to the

rights of fishing in and around them and other islets. For although the dispute is ostensibly concerned only with Les Ecréhous, it is in reality a test question as to the supposed neutrality of a vastly greater expanse. The Ecréhous reef, properly so called, covers only some seven or eight square miles; but at no great distance are Les Dirouilles and Les Patre-nôtres, similar islets, with an area of about twenty square miles. Altogether, when we say that the area over which there is dispute as to the right of fishing on or over groups of rocks and shoals, outside the three-mile limit of Jersey, of which we are to speak presently, amounts to the very large total of one hundred square miles, it will be seen that the question is a very substantial one.

Now the Fishery Convention of 1839, the signatories of which were England and France, allots to each nation the command and sole right of fishing within three miles of its own shores, measured from low-water mark. And in the convention of 1867, the term "British Islands," as employed in the convention, is expressed to include the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Man, and their dependencies. So that when the convention lays down the limit of three miles "along the whole extent of the coast of the British Islands," it was supposed in Jersey that there was in those terms a settlement of the dispute. For the contention had always been, not as to the possession and ownership of the rocks and islets, but as to the rights of fishing on and around them. There was not at that time any doubt suggested as to the fact that Les Ecréhous belonged, at all events so far as mere ownership went, to Jersey. Unfortunately, the hopes that the settlement was final have proved illusory.

The group is barely six miles from Jersey, and something over seven and less than seven and a half miles from France. Consequently, if they belong to Jersey, between the three-mile limits of France and Les Ecréhous there is a narrow strip of neutral water; while the limits of Jersey and the islets intersect. Under the government of M. Ferry, the French claims were renewed in another, and this time, more comprehensive form. It was pretended not merely that there was a right of fishing over and around the islets, but that the islets themselves did not belong to Jersey (and so to England), but were neutral ground belonging to neither England nor France. The people of Jersey regarded, and still regard, this claim

to neutrality as merely a step towards a further claim to ownership on the part of France, nor has the language of the French press much tended to allay these suspicions. At that time, also, the danger of a collision between the fishermen of the two countries was much increased by the conduct of the commander of the French gunboat stationed in the waters.

So serious did the situation become, that in 1883 a deputation from the island States waited upon the English government with the object of obtaining a settlement of the question, which was harassing and impairing the fishing industry of Jersey. They brought with them evidence of the title of Jersey to the rocks and islets of Les Ecréhous, of such a clear and conclusive character, that the government was convinced of the soundness of the claim. Accordingly, the strongest representations were addressed to the French government, that of M. Ferry, and, in consequence, the Franco-Norman and Breton fishermen were forbidden to ply their industry around Les Ecréhous. This again seemed like a final settlement; and, indeed, there was a short interval in the wrangle; but these hopes, no less than those which followed the Conventions of 1839 and 1867, have also proved to be illusory.

At the fall of the Ferry Cabinet, every effort was made by the eagerness of hostile partisanship to discredit the late administration. Among other very numerous accusations was that of having betrayed the interests of France in this matter of Les Ecréhous. M. Ferry was denounced as having surrendered the rights of the French fishermen. An interesting but entirely fictitious account of the seizure of the group by Great Britain was published in the *Temps* in January this year, and copied by the *Times*. "The inhabitants of this district (*i.e.*, Cotentin) still resent the way in which England took possession of the Ecréhous isles. In 1852 a man from Dover erected a small house on the chief isle and sold liquors, and sent for two or three countrymen, who were soon followed by a vessel which took formal possession." So said *Le Temps*; nor was *Le Figaro* behindhand. "The fishermen of Carteret and Port Bail are asking if the government (*i.e.*, of M. Ferry) has sold or ceded the right of fishing, and hence every other right over Les Ecréhous, to *la perfide Albion*." And, again, raising this modern plea of non-ownership on the part of Jersey, "from all time these islets have been neutral, and their waters

were neutral waters." In view of such travesties of history, and of such pretensions, which are naturally eagerly supported by the French maritime population, it may be as well to give an outline sketch of the completely cogent chain of evidence by which the island States established, in 1883, their title to the group of Ecréhous.

The proof of title begins in the year 1200. In that year King John, who had himself been a governor of the islands when Earl of Mortain, in the time of Henry II., and always afterwards regarded them with peculiar interest, gave them, with other lands, by a royal deed of grant, to the seigneur Pierre de Préaux.* Three years later the seigneur Pierre de Préaux granted, by subinfeudation, and in virtue of the grant of King John, *les îlots ecréhous*, to the Abbaye de Val Richer, under the condition that a church should be built upon the islets, *in honorem Dei et beatae Mariae*. Now at this time, although the Channel Islands were a part of Normandy, and owned allegiance only to their own dukes, Normandy itself, with Main, Anjou, and Touraine, were all united in possession under the king of England. As is familiar matter of history, Philip Augustus, the king of France, in default of John's appearance to answer for the disappearance and supposed murder of Arthur of Brittany, attacked and conquered Normandy, which was thus practically lost to the English crown. It must be noted, however, that since it was a conquest on the part of France, and not a cession on the part of England, only such portions of Normandy as were actually taken from us passed, at this time, from one allegiance to the other. The Channel Islands remained faithful to John, and were thus thenceforward separated from Normandy.

Some hundred years later, in the reign of Edward II., there was a general inquisition throughout England to determine what lands were crown lands, and held by grant direct from the crown, and the validity of titles to rights and property and privileges generally. After this the judges upon their circuits held pleadings in *quo warranto*, as it was called, in which titles were examined, and confirmed or disal-

* This "Chart de donation" is among those preserved in the Tower of London. At this time John was still recognized by the French king as Duke of Normandy. It begins: "Johannes, Dei Gratia Rex Anglie, Dominus Hibernie, Dux Normannie, Acquitannie, et Comes Andegavie. Sciatis nos concessisse dilecto et fideli nostro Petro de Pratellis insulas de Gerse, et de Gernese, et de Aurene," etc. (Rotuli Chartarum in Turri Londinensi Asservati, published by the Commissioners of Public Records, vol. i., part i., 1837, p. 37.)

lowed. In 1309, the English "justices itinerant" in Jersey, John de Fresingfeld, William Russel, and John de Ditton, summon the prior of the Ecréhos before them, to account for the possession of a mill and its appurtenances, in the parish of St. Saviour, in the island of Jersey, and also of the advowson of the priory of the Ecréhos, and to make answer upon what warrant the sum of twenty sols was annually paid to the said prior by the receiver-general of Jersey. "And the prior comes and says" that the priory holds its possessions in Jersey by the service of keeping a beacon, *focum ardentem*, always burning at night on the Ecréhos islets, to warn the passing sailor of the dangers of the rock-bound shore. Here, then, we have evidence of the uninterrupted possession of the islets by Jersey, which itself, of course, belonged, as heretofore, to the English crown.

In subsequent documents in which the Channel Islands are mentioned as belonging to the kings of England, the phrase nearly always includes either "and the other islands," or "and other their dependencies." The treaty of Bretigny may be especially noticed, because in this agreement the kings of England formally renounced their claim upon the dukedom of Normandy, but with certain exceptions. Among these exceptions, *all the islands* near the west coast of France were specially included by the sixth clause of the treaty.* And coming down to the time of James I., we find him, in his commission directed to Sir Robert Gardiner and Dr. James Hussey, speaking of "our loving subjects, the inhabitants of our isles of Jersey and Guernsey, and other their dependencies, a portion remaining as yet unto Us in possession of our ancient Dukedom of Normandy."† It would be easy to multiply quotations, showing conclusively that the whole group of islands, of which Jersey is the chief, have belonged directly to England ever since the conquest of Normandy by Philip Augustus of France. *Nor*—which is to our immediate purpose—is there any ground for supposing that any island or islet was detached at any time, by public act of this country, from the whole group. The Chaussey islets, some thirty miles south

of Jersey, indeed, now belong to France, and are fortified, but how they ever fell into possession remains a mystery. Probably they were "grabbed" by some such process as is now being tried in connection with Les Ecréhous, and although they are of much greater extent, and financially more valuable, yet the remoteness of their position, their inaccessibility, and general unimportance to Jersey and England, in their case would account for the fact that the operation was successful. Although, perhaps, without the strict limits of our subject, we have thought it well to lay some stress—which could have been very greatly increased—upon the question as to the possession of the islands by this country ever since the Norman Conquest, because there appears to be, unfortunately, a rather wide-spread impression that the islands continued to be held by the rulers of England, after the loss of Normandy, "rather by accident than design."* But nothing can be farther from the truth; and nothing would be easier to the historian than to exhibit a continuous series of grants and charters by the rulers of England relating to the islands, and showing the interest and pride that was taken in the possession. Sometimes, too, in modern writers, one comes across phrases indicating a belief that the islands, as a matter of fact, belong to nobody in particular,† and that, although ours nominally, "geographically they belong to the Continent and France"—whatever that may mean.

To return to the connection of Les Ecréhous with Jersey. In the "Extenttes" of 1528, of 1607, of 1668, made for the purpose of maintaining the rights and revenues of the crown in the island of Jersey, mention is made of certain sums of wheat-rent due from the priory of the Ecréhos; while these sums, now commuted into a money payment, are still annually paid to the ancient demesne of the crown. At the present day a certain payment is due to the rector of the parish of Trinity, Jersey, for religious services supposed to be performed by him on the Ecréhou.

The owners of the cottages on La Marmoutière regularly pay rates on account of the cottages to the parish of St. Martin's, Jersey.

In November, 1863, and in June, 1882, there was an exercise of the jurisdiction of the Royal Court of Jersey over Les Ecréhous; two contracts for the purchase

* "VI.—Item concordatum est quod dictus Rex Angliae et haeredes sui habebunt et tenebunt omnes insulas adjacentes terris patriis et locis super nominatis, simul cum aliis omnibus insulis quas dictus Rex tenet de presente." (Rymer's Foedera, 1360, 3 Edw. III. Records Commission, vol. iii., p. 488.)

† Quoted in Falle, Account of the Isle of Jersey (1694), p. 54.

* Ansted, The Channel Islands, p. 2.

† Ansted, The Channel Islands, p. 1.

of two of the houses on the Marmoutière being brought before it, and passed. In 1826 a man named Romeril was brought before the court, at the suit of the attorney-general of Jersey, charged with having attempted to take the life of John McGras by shooting at him with a pistol upon the Ecréhous.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the French claims of rights over Les Ecréhous are received by Jerseymen with incredulous amazement and no little indignation. Upon what, then, are the French claims based? Presumably upon an ancient and remarkable privilege of neutrality granted by the crown of England to the Channel Islands. The origins of this privilege are obscure, and it appears to have existed for some time without being clearly defined. There was a confirmation, at all events, in 1480, by a bull of Sixtus IV., pope of Rome, which was accepted, verified, and published by Louis XI. of France, and proclaimed *à son de trompe* in all the ports of Normandy and Brittany. As a matter of fact, it did not prevent the French from making an attempt to seize the island of Jersey some thirty years later; but it appears to have been carried into effect in some cases, and so especially with regard to privateers and privateering, at that time but little removed from piracy. In 1523 a Guernsey ship, seized and taken into Morlaix, was released by the governor of Brittany upon the plea of this privilege, and in 1524 the capture of a French prize within the prescribed neutral limits was pronounced, in an Assembly of the States, the governor and the king's commissioners being present, tortionary and illegal, and restitution was ordered. Again, during the governorship of Viscount Beaucamp (afterwards Duke of Somerset), it happened that some French vessels were in the port of St. Aubin, in Jersey, laden and ready to sail, when some privateers arrived and offered to seize them, but, "the governor being informed thereof, caused the strength of the island to be gathered together and had laid them by the heels had they not prevented it by departing."*

From an Inspeximus Charter granted to the islands by Henry VI. it seems that the original privilege given by Richard II. was a commercial one, intended to place the islanders upon the same footing as other English subjects.

We, considering the good behavior and fidelity [so runs the recital of Richard's letters

patent] which we have found from day to day in our liege and faithful nations and communities of our islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Sark, and Alderney, have of our special grace, for ourselves and heirs, as far as in us lies, granted to the said nations and communities that they and their successors shall forever be free and acquitted in all our cities, boroughs, markets, and trading-towns, fairs, marts, towns, and other places and harbors within our Kingdom of England, from all sorts of tolls, exactions, and customs, in the same manner as our faithful and liege are in our Kingdom aforesaid. . . .

By the time of Elizabeth the privilege * seems to have reached its extreme limit. In the charter granted by her we find in the preamble:—

And whereas some other privileges, immunities, liberties, and franchises were graciously given . . . by our progenitors and predecessors, formerly Kings of England and Dukes of Normandy and others, to the said islanders . . . one whereof is that in time of war the merchants of all nations, whether alien friends or enemies, could and might freely and lawfully, and without danger or punishment, frequent the said islands and maritime places with their ships, merchandize, and goods, as well to avoid storms as there to conclude their lawful business . . . and frequent the same . . . and afterwards securely and without danger remain there, and depart away from thence and return unto the same without any harm, molestation, or hostility whatsoever to their goods, merchandizes, or persons, and this not only within the said islands and maritime places and all around the same, but likewise at such places and distances from the islands as the sight of man goes to or the eye of man reaches; we by virtue of our Royal authority . . . renew, reiterate, confirm and graciously grant, etc., etc.†

The privilege was, with others, brought to an end by William III., who established custom-officers at Guernsey and Jersey. As the islanders found privateering a congenial and very profitable pursuit, there was no objection upon their part, so far as abolition of the privilege of neutrality was concerned; but the new restrictions upon commerce they did their best to evade by a most thorough and extensive system of smuggling.

Whatever the exact scope of this privilege of neutrality may have been in practice, and there is reason to believe that it was always vastly less than it appeared on paper, it was certainly at an end by the close of the seventeenth century, and can

* Falle, Account of Jersey (1694), p. 208, speaks of this as being contained in charters from Edward IV. to James II.

† Quoted in Duncan's History of Guernsey (1841), p. 228. See also Falle's History of Jersey, edited (1827) by Darrell, pp. 172, etc.

* Falle, History of Jersey (1684), p. 204.

have no bearing upon the question of neutrality now. But even supposing for a moment that it still existed, there are no grounds whatever for restricting its application to the rights of fishing at Les Ecréhous and other islets. If it applies at all it applies to all commerce connected both with all the islands and the coast of France from La Hague to St. Malo. What, then, becomes of the Fishing Conventions of 1839 and 1867, and the exclusive rights of fishing within the three-mile distance from the shores of the possessions of each country? But it is, perhaps, unnecessary to discuss the question any further.

It remains to show some reason for the question of Les Ecréhous being deemed important both in Jersey and France.

The question may possibly occur to those who are not acquainted with the affairs and the feelings of the Channel Islanders as to why, even supposing it to be irrefutably demonstrated that Les Ecréhous belong to Jersey, there would be any great harm in granting the rocky islets and their waters to be neutral, and, consequently, in allowing the rights of fishing there to Frenchmen and Jerseymen alike. But the people of Jersey, besides possessing in an uncommon degree that powerful elementary instinct of free civilized men, the desire to have possession of that to which they believe themselves to be lawfully entitled, have two other grounds for being so much exercised in the matter. The first is the dread that they feel of French encroachment; the second is the simple but stimulating fact that the livelihood of a large part of the population absolutely depends upon maintaining the settlement favorable to Jersey.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for an Englishman of this generation to realize what it is to be inhabiting a plot of land which is known to be eagerly coveted by a neighbor, whose power and whose contiguity are both extremely great. But this is the case of the Jerseyman. Moreover, in a small and isolated population tradition is long-lived, and the numerous attempts, some of which were, for a time, successful and cost the islanders very dear, made by the French to seize the islands live fresh in their memories. No less than twelve attempts, and some of them most desperate, have been made upon Jersey alone during the six hundred years from the time of John to the end of the last century, and one, that of 1781, at a time when England was at peace with France. At the present time, notwith-

standing that so many years have been passed in immunity, the Jerseyman by no means feels himself secure. Indeed, so far from secure does he feel that he wisely submits, as his fathers submitted, to compulsory and unpaid military service from the age of sixteen until that of sixty. He knows that, in the event of international complications, which are always possible, and which a day may bring forth, he will be called upon to defend his home and his belongings from attack by an enemy of vastly superior strength and numbers. Such considerations do not usually influence people in the direction of making them less keen to resist annexation of a part of their territory, or (as in this case) a claim to neutrality which they are persuaded is only a first step towards annexation in the future. Another point, of no great importance at present, but which is receiving some attention, is the fact that there is now a considerable French population resident in Jersey, besides a large floating population of the same nationality. Of late years, also, many Jesuits — who were formerly kept at a distance — have been allowed not only to settle, but, by indirect means, to purchase land; and, of course, their sympathies are entirely French.

At the present time, however, the fishing industry, and the fact that the neutrality of Les Ecréhous would involve also the loss of some of the best *vraic* fields on the coast, are the questions which Jersey puts in the forefront. The rocks altogether form a most valuable and extensive fishing-ground, and a few years ago the oyster-beds in the immediate vicinity gave employment to the owners of no less than three hundred sail. The *vraic* is a kind of seaweed, many thousand tons of which are cut and collected annually. It forms the principal fertilizer in Jersey agriculture, and is also, when dry, used extensively as fuel among the poorer part of the population. After being used as fuel, the charred ash is sold as manure. So valuable is the *vraic* considered to be, and so important a part does it play in the island economy, that the cutting and gathering of the *vraic-sud* (which is taken from the rock, as opposed to the *vraic-venant*, or drift seaweed), for which there are two seasons in the year, are regulated by law, and made the occasion of a general holiday among those employed in agriculture.

France, likewise, has her reasons, both sentimental and extremely practical. France has been ever, at all events during

the last century, famous for "ideas," and for following out ideas to their logical results in action. Now, among ideas very firmly rooted in the French mind is this one, that Jersey in real truth, obvious and distasteful facts notwithstanding, does belong to France, her immediate neighbor. We are often bidden to admire the essentially logical character of the French intellect, but, in the present case, the argument must take something of this form: "Normandy once belonged to England, and the Channel Islands then belonged to Normandy; but now Normandy is become a part of France, and, clearly, the Channel Islands ought to belong to France also!" So necessarily sequent are the steps by which we travel, so cogent is the reasoning which leads us in the direction whither our desires would have us to go. Says the writer in the *Figaro* before referred to (he has spoken of Les Ecréhous as seen from Cartaret):—

Au fond du tableau à une distance double se détache majestueusement la grande et belle île de Jersey. C'est un *crève-cœur* de la regarder même à l'œil nu du cap Cartaret. Elle est à huit milles [a mistake of nearly six miles] de la pointe Française; elle se profile sur le ciel avec son étendue énorme; on sait qu'elle tenait à notre sol, à ce village même de Cartaret [this is a wonderful stretch of imagination], par des forêts et des plaines qu'une catastrophe épouvantable a submergés et enfouis sous la mer. Et on regrette de ne pas l'avoir à présent, ou de n'avoir pu la conserver à la France.

As regards the pity of not having kept Jersey for France, it may be sufficient to note that for the occasion of these regrets it is necessary to go back nearly a thousand years, to the *status quo ante* A. D. 912, and the "old unhappy far-off things" of that remote era. For it was then that the dukedom of Normandy was granted to Rollo, the ancestor of William the Conqueror. But behind the sentimental grievance, strongly as it is felt, there is the even stronger consideration based upon the commanding position of the islands in the Channel. This we have already referred to, and may mention here merely that the naval authorities of both countries are fully alive to and recognize the very great importance of the possession of the islands, and the further fact that with the exception of Cherbourg, which is constructed by sheer labor out of solid rock, the French have not a single harbor from Dunkerque to Brest that is capable of sheltering a fleet. Consequently the commodious natural harbors of the Channel

Islands, where the fleets of the world might lie at anchor in a situation so eminently desirable from every point of view, naturally excite the envy of France.

But in France, as in Jersey, the attention directed towards Les Ecréhous and the other rocks for the immediate present is determined by the question of the fishing industry. The well-known policy of the French government is to foster the seafaring population of Normandy and Brittany. From thence are drawn not only the large proportion of the sailors of the whole marine, but the best and bravest seamen of the French navy. France desires by every means to support and increase this source of the supply of so valuable a material. Even in the colonies of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton before they came into our hands, in pursuance of this course of encouraging a maritime population, land upon the coast was most freely granted; but land in the interior, with extreme reluctance and parsimony. Now, if, there is one social law firmly established by the "dismal science," it is this, that an increase of scope and field for any industry will produce an increase in the population employed in that industry. The inference is obvious. It is quite plain, therefore, that the right of fishing over valuable grounds some one hundred square miles in extent, is an object considered by France to be worth taking some trouble to obtain. We hope, however, that we have shown some reasons for keeping the exercise of those rights restricted to their proper owners, the people of the island of Jersey.

Fortunately there is no need to set about demonstrating that the concerns of the people of Jersey are equally the concerns of the people of England. But we may do well to remember occasionally how ancient and how intimate the connection has been all through our history, and to remember, also, how strong have been, and are at the present time, the feelings of the islanders on this point. In this reference a quotation from the loyal address presented to William and Mary by the States in 1692 may fitly speak for them. "We think it our duty to assure Your Majesties that, with the Divine assistance, we will defend this Place to the utmost for Your Majesties service, and that We wish to live no longer than we are Your Majesties subjects. Hoping Your Majesties will believe that tho' our Tongues be *French*, our Hearts and Swords are truly *English*." It will be found that the Jerseyman of to-day abates

nothing of his ancestors' loyalty and determined spirit.

BERTRAM FALLE.
G. E. HUMPHREYS.

From The Contemporary Review.
BULGARIA.

A YEAR ago, in an article written a week before the outbreak at Philippopolis, it was necessary for me to explain and justify the assertion that Turkish life and thought centred in the Balkan Peninsula. Before that article was printed in the October *Contemporary* events had occurred which rendered all such justification unnecessary; and to-day the world would consider it absurd, in an article on Turkey, to speak of anything but the Balkan States. In this judgment the world is quite right. The fate of Turkey is to be decided in Bulgaria.

The extraordinary crime committed a few weeks ago at Sofia has strongly excited the imagination of Europe, and made Prince Alexander the hero of the day. It was not possible at first to write or think of these events with calmness, but if we are to understand their real significance we must consider them fairly and without excitement or prejudice. After listening to statements of those directly concerned on both sides I believe that, in brief, what happened at Sofia was this:

A conspiracy was secretly formed against the prince, three or four months ago, by certain officers in the army who had personal grievances. The leaders were Major Grueff, the director of the military school, and Captain Bendereff, of the War Department, both of whom had failed to receive exactly the rewards which they coveted after the Servian war. They were encouraged and aided by the Russian consulate, and by Mr. Zankoff and Bishop Clement, who have long been known to be in the pay of Russia, and who had engaged in similar conspiracies last year. Russian money was freely used, and the most liberal promises made to officers who were solicited to join the conspiracy. Of these, some refused, others hesitated, and quite a number—at least fifty—joined the conspirators. When everything was ready, the prince's regiment was sent to Slivnitsa, and a regiment from Kustdenil, which had been gained over, was marched in the night to Sofia. It disarmed the few troops left at the camp outside the city, and then sur-

rounded the palace and the houses of the leading friends of the prince. No officers slept in the palace, which was guarded only by a few sentries, and occupied only by the prince, his younger brother, and the servants. As soon as the officers had entered the palace the soldiers began to fire regular volleys; the prince and his brother were roused, and two or three guards prepared to resist. The prince, however, saw that resistance was useless, and surrendered at once to the officers, who presented their revolvers at his head. Some of these same officers had dined with him in the evening, and left him only a few hours before. He was taken to the ministry of war from the palace, and there, in the presence of about forty of his officers, he was treated with much indignity, and forced to sign his abdication. I understand that this paper, such as it was, was found on the person of Major Grueff when he was captured, and returned to the prince.

Before daylight the prince was sent under escort to Rahova, put on board his yacht, and taken to Reni, in Russia, a small village on the Danube, just below Galatz. On this journey the prince was treated like a criminal by most of the officers in charge. Of his treatment in Russia the world knows too much already. Should the czar ever know the truth of this story, he will no doubt feel that he himself was dishonored by the conduct of his officers. So far we have nothing but a case of the kidnapping of a prince by a number of his own subjects, aided and directed by Russian officials. It was a new thing in the history of the world, but it was well planned, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that it was successful.

Having disposed of the prince, neither the rebels nor their Russian associates appeared to have known exactly what to do next. For a day or two, as they controlled the telegraphs, they managed to deceive the people and the army as to what had actually occurred, but they utterly failed to constitute a government with any life in it. They apparently waited for the arrival of a representative of the czar to assume the government. They received a telegram from him assuring them that he took Bulgaria under his protection—that he would secure their immediate union with eastern Roumelia and send his representative to Sofia. I have not seen this telegram, but I make this statement on the authority of a leading conspirator, a Russian officer.

This delay and hesitation were fatal to the cause. The friends of the prince at Sofia recovered from their surprise, the facts became known in the country, and after two days Colonel Popoff escaped from confinement, and with the troops from Slivnitza took possession of Sofia without firing a shot; the army everywhere declared for the prince, and the people repudiated the action of the conspirators. For a few days there was some confusion, and one regency was formed in the name of the prince at Sofia by M. Caraveloff, while another was formed at Tirnova by M. Stambouloff, the president of the National Assembly; and Colonel Mutkuroff marched from Philippopolis with twelve thousand troops to Sofia, in the name of the prince. There was confusion, but there was unanimity in their determination to reinstate Prince Alexander.

The prince had meanwhile reached Lemberg, in Austria, where he was received with the greatest honor and enthusiasm, both official and unofficial. He arrived there, utterly exhausted by what he had gone through, to learn that he was still prince of Bulgaria, and that the people demanded his immediate return. The next day he was on his way back, and in Bulgaria he met with such a reception as he had never had before. The whole nation came to do him honor. Never was enthusiasm more genuine or joy more sincere than that caused by his return. But on his arrival at Sofia he made known his intention of abdicating. He took such measures as he could to harmonize the different parties and secure peace and tranquillity in the country, and then departed amidst such scenes of sorrow and affection on the part of the army and the people as will never be forgotten.

Such is in brief the story of the startling events of the last few weeks, the details of which have furnished sensational news for all the papers of Europe and subjects for innumerable editorials.

The whole story will be ancient history before this article can be published, but the consequences of these events will be so momentous that they are worthy of a careful study.

WHAT LED TO THIS CRISIS.

THOSE acquainted with the course of things in Bulgaria may have been startled at the dramatic form of the crisis, but they saw plainly enough that it must come in some form before this year was over. The prince himself can have had but little doubt on this point. He must have fore-

seen that a new effort would be made to drive him out of the country. The first serious attempt was made three years ago by the Russian generals in the Bulgarian ministry, somewhat on the plan adopted this year. It was frustrated by the officers of the army, and M. Zankoff and the generals had to leave the country. A second attempt was planned last summer, with this same M. Zankoff as one of the chief conspirators. This was postponed by the revolution in eastern Roumelia, but came to a head at the time of the Servian invasion, and failed, on account of the victory at Slivnitza. No one was punished.

At the close of the Conference of Constantinople the people were generally loyal, and Russian influence was at a lower ebb than ever before. It was well understood that but for Russia the union would have been completed, and that through English influence the Turks were inclined to allow the practical consummation of this union under Prince Alexander, in spite of Russian opposition.

Had England maintained her influence at Constantinople, or had the Turks felt strong enough to act for their own interest, the catastrophe of Sofia would not have happened; but when Sir William White left Constantinople both Turks and Bulgarians believed that England, under Gladstone, had abandoned the policy of Lord Salisbury. There was no such change of policy, but it happened that one of the first acts of the Gladstone government was the recall of Sir William White and the sending to Constantinople of a man worthy of all honor and respect, but utterly ignorant of the East, and unable, with the best intentions, to exert any influence here. It was a blunder which can never be undone; a lost opportunity which will never come back.

Russia saw her chance, and improved it at once. Nelidoff was again supreme at Constantinople, and the Russian propaganda was pushed in Bulgaria and eastern Roumelia with new vigor. The plan of operations was very simple. The object was to convince the people that, in spite of all their sacrifices, they had accomplished nothing towards the union; that so long as Prince Alexander remained nothing could be accomplished, but that Russia could give them the complete union at once. It was hoped that this would lead either to a revolution or to anarchy.

The Turks were induced to press their claims for a separate organization of east-

ern Roumelia, and to insist upon the immediate meeting of the mixed commission to revise the Organic Statute. They did their part of the work so well that it was generally believed that their commissioner, Gadbau Effendi, had sold himself to Russia. The general attitude of the Porte towards the prince was hostile.

In Bulgaria, Russia found her tools among two classes of men—the army officers who were discontented because they had not received the rank and honor to which they considered themselves entitled after the Servian war; and the ex-officials who had been turned out of office by Caraveloff and by the revolution in eastern Roumelia. These last were very numerous, and nothing was done to conciliate them or furnish them with the means of support. To these classes must be added a few others who had personal grievances, real or imaginary, against the existing government, and a few of the clergy, who were either in Russian pay or influenced by their relations with the Russian Church.

These agents were furnished with large sums of money, which was used very freely, and were stimulated by the most extravagant promises as to the future—which they will very likely have a chance to reflect upon in Siberia.

The apparent result of the agitation carried on by the Russian consulates and these agents, as seen a few weeks before the attack upon the prince, was this:—

The mass of the people, even of those who had accepted Russian money, was thoroughly loyal to the prince. They loved him and trusted him. On the other hand, they felt no active hostility towards Russia. They were grateful, and wished to live at peace with the people, so many of whom had died in their behalf, and whose graves were scattered over their land. They did not comprehend the hostility of the present czar to the prince given to them by his father, nor did they understand how they could be called upon to choose between the two.

In the towns it was different. There were in these two extreme parties, one strongly anti-Russian, and the other boldly and openly advocating revolution, denouncing the prince, and demanding the intervention of Russia, ready for anarchy or anything else to accomplish their purposes. Between these two parties was to be found the greater part of the intelligent men who desired to sustain the prince, to be at peace with Russia, and to develop the Bulgarian nation as an inde-

pendent power. They were patriotic men, opposed to all Russian interference in Bulgaria, but they were disheartened. They generally distrusted the party leaders, feared the results of the Russian propaganda and the hostility of the Turks, and felt that the prince could not stand alone against the czar. They felt that the situation was extremely critical, that there was danger of anarchy, and they did not know what to do.

I suspect that the prince himself was in very much the same state of mind. He trusted the army and most of his officers; he knew that he had the sympathy of the people; but he knew also that any day a few Russian regiments landed at Varna might put an end to his government. They would march to Sofia unopposed. This state of things could not last long. But the hope of the friends of Bulgaria was that these Russian regiments would not be sent, and the Bulgarians, left to themselves for a few months longer, would see the folly of destroying each other in the interest of Russia, and that the sober sense and loyalty of the people would in the end prevail. The Russians also probably saw that this would be the result, and they put their carefully planned plot against the prince in execution. It was well timed; it was successful; but it was so base and despicable that it roused the indignation of the whole nation, and they made their choice between the prince and the czar at once. Had a Russian regiment landed two weeks ago at Varna it would have had to fight its way, step by step, through the country. As the czar, when he had the opportunity, expressed no regret at the treatment of the prince, we are forced, against our inclination, to suppose that he knew what was to be done, and approved it. It is almost incredible.

In brief, the situation as seen by outsiders was this: It was known that Russia was more hostile than ever and more active in her war against the prince. It was seen that Turkey also had changed her friendly policy. It was obvious that the people generally were disappointed and discouraged at the result of the revolution. Parties were multiplied and party spirit was more bitter than ever before. The Russian party was bold and blatant, denouncing the prince and foretelling his immediate overthrow. The prince himself was discouraged, and in doubt as to who could be trusted.

In view of all this it was plain that unless some improvement took place in

the public mind the prince could not maintain his position. Still the loyalty of the masses was a ground of hope, and I did not anticipate any attack upon the person of the prince.

THE RETURN OF THE PRINCE.

WHEN the prince reached Lemberg he was called upon to decide at once whether he would listen to the call of his people and return to Bulgaria. It was probably the most trying hour of his life, and it seems to me that his decision was the most self-denying and heroic act in his career. It should be said here at the outset, that he made this decision without the intervention of any European government, and that he did not make it with any intention of abdicating on his arrival at Sofia. He had the advice of his family; he knew that the result would be doubtful, but he felt bound in honor to make one more effort to save the nation to whose welfare his life had been consecrated.

The official papers of Vienna and Berlin had mildly condemned the Bulgarians for their ingratitude, but they had made no secret of their gratification at the downfall of the prince. They had said in so many words that his disappearance from the scene was a great relief to Europe, and a guarantee of peace. They said it so unanimously and so immediately that one of the best-known ambassadors in Europe (not in Constantinople) expressed to me the opinion that the whole plot had been agreed upon beforehand by the three empires. However this may be, it must have been evident to the prince at Lemberg that both Austria and Germany had agreed to allow Russia full freedom of action in Bulgaria. He was supported by public opinion in Europe, and might hope that this would have some weight; but when did Bismarck ever respect public opinion? He knew that he had the sympathy of England, but the English press did not encourage him to hope for anything more. They said plainly that England had no interests to fight for in Bulgaria. How could he decide to return under these circumstances? He had been subjected to every possible insult by the officers of his army and by officials in Russia. He had had little food and no change of clothing, and was in a state of physical prostration. But the people called him. There was a chance that he might save the nation, and the certainty that if he went at once he could prevent anarchy and civil war.

He went, and on reaching Bulgaria he made the one sacrifice which was left for

him to make in the interest of Bulgaria — perhaps the hardest of all. He made a last appeal to the honor of his imperial cousin the czar. No one who understands the political situation can doubt that in making this appeal he acted wisely, and acted solely in the interest of the Bulgarian people. No doubt it would have been more agreeable to him and to his friends if he had been able to ignore the czar, but even Bismarck dare not do this. No doubt it would have been more in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin if he had appealed for aid to the sultan; but the sultan had already declined to interfere, and was certainly not less under the influence of the czar than Austria and Germany. It was a painful necessity, but had the czar replied in a friendly spirit, had he been touched by the pathos of the situation, it would have been the end of all difficulties in Bulgaria, and a message of peace to all the world. The St. Petersburg papers characterize the prince's appeal as hypocritical. What shall we say of the reply of the czar in view of the fact that there has not been a difficulty of any kind in Bulgaria since the arrival of the prince which has not been directly or indirectly caused by Russian agents? I will not accuse him of hypocrisy. I will simply say, what I have no doubt is true, that the czar has been deceived, and is absolutely ignorant of the real state of things in Bulgaria.

The prince did well to return to Bulgaria, and he did well to make a last appeal to the czar, but when he reached Sofia he found himself and his loyal people standing alone, confronted by an implacable enemy, and without a friend in the world to lift a hand in their defence. The prince knows, and every sober-minded Bulgarian knows, that Bulgaria cannot stand alone against Russia. If Europe decrees that Russia shall be supreme in Bulgaria, there is nothing more to be said, and the prince could do nothing but abdicate. He and the Bulgarian people have saved their own honor. They have vindicated themselves before the world. They are not called upon to resist the decrees of Europe. They must submit as best they can. Had the prince remained in spite of the brutal decree of the czar, his position would have been far more difficult than before. After the excitement had passed away, the sober sense of the people would have realized the hopelessness of the conflict with Russia. He could not have put to death all the conspirators. Too many were more or less

implicated, and they would have recommenced their work at once. There are not many Bulgarians who could be induced to murder their prince, but there are plenty of foreign vagabonds in Bulgaria who could have been hired by Russian agents to assassinate him. His life would have been in constant danger.

He might have braved this danger, but there was a still greater difficulty. He did not know to whom he could trust the commands of the army and the government of the country. With the friendship or neutrality of Russia it would have been difficult, in view of the personal animosities of leading men, the bitterness of party spirit, and the treason of so many officials. With the open hostility of Russia, and of Austria and Germany as well, it was impossible.

THE POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THESE EVENTS.

THE question whether Prince Alexander, or some other prince, shall rule in Bulgaria, is in itself of little consequence to the world. It chiefly concerns the Bulgarians. But this question has come up in such a way that the fate of all Europe is involved in it. Nothing else can be thought of at Constantinople. One thing is obvious at first sight; all the people of the East, Turks and Christians, have learned a lesson. The only power that can seriously help or harm them is Russia. It is a lesson which will not soon be forgotten, and it will bear fruit beyond the borders of the Ottoman Empire. It may not be true, but it will be believed. No one in this part of the world is simple enough to believe that Austria, or Germany, or England, can desire to see Russia established in Bulgaria, and then, as a necessary consequence, in Constantinople. If this should happen, it would be simply because these powers were not strong enough to prevent it. When people here read the ingenious articles in the *Spectator* and *Nineteenth Century*, proving that England would be rather pleased to see Russia in Constantinople, they simply smile and raise their chins in derision, and the sultan hastens to write an autograph letter to the czar, to thank him for the brotherly interest which he has taken in the pacification of the Balkan Peninsula, while at the same time he is spending every penny that he can borrow on increased armaments.

I do not know the mind of Prince Bismarck, and I doubt whether any one else does. I only know the fact that he has

brutally sacrificed Prince Alexander and given Bulgaria over to the czar. We may account for this fact on various theories. We are told, for example, that Germany, Austria, and Russia have agreed upon a division of territory; Russia is to have Bulgaria, Thrace, and Constantinople; Austria is to go to Salonica, and Germany to Trieste; Italy is to have the Tyrol.

I do not hesitate to affirm that no serious statesman in Europe has ever thought of such an arrangement. It would be the end of the Austrian Empire and would give Russia absolute supremacy in Europe. It would be in direct opposition to all the traditions of Europe — traditions which form the basis of all the mutual relations of the great powers. It would be an absolute and unconditional surrender to Russia without any genuine compensation. The idea of such a transaction is too absurd to waste time in the discussion of it.

Another theory is that Austria and Germany have consented to allow Russia to control Bulgaria, on the express condition that she shall go no further. Such a condition would be illusory. I remember that an Austrian statesman once said to me: "So long as Bulgaria is a Russian outpost at our back door, we can never have peace; sooner or later we must drive her out." If Russia is in Bulgaria, who is to keep her out of Macedonia? who is to defend Roumania? who is to block the way to Constantinople? If any such agreement has been made, it has been made with a full knowledge on the part of all that it is temporary and deceptive.

Another theory, not complimentary to Bismarck, is that he has determined to sacrifice the future to the present, that he will yield everything to Russia to prevent a Russo-French alliance against Germany, that he will keep the peace and save German unity while he lives; *après moi le déluge*. Bismarck is no doubt something of a cynic, but there is little in his past life to justify such a theory as this. It is not a theory which is believed in Russia. It is rather an Austrian idea, where he is always suspected of sacrificing Austrian interests to his own. All statesmen are to a certain extent opportunists, and all diplomacy is a system of compromises and temporary expedients, without much regard to the future; but no great statesman ever deliberately sacrifices the future of his country to his present convenience. He may draw back, he may temporarily sacrifice certain interests; but it is with the full purpose of striking a more vigorous blow when his time comes.

I suspect that this is the true explanation of the action of Germany and Austria in Bulgaria. They have sacrificed Prince Alexander and the Bulgarians for the moment; they have yielded to Russia for the hour; but with a full appreciation of the fact that this only postpones for a little the inevitable conflict which is at hand. If Russia wins in this great struggle which is just before us, she will go to the Adriatic and rule the old Eastern Empire; if she is beaten, her influence in the Balkan Peninsula will be at an end — she will have neither Bulgaria nor Constantinople. This war must come; it cannot be much longer postponed by Bismarck or any other statesman. It is expected in Russia, in Austria, in Germany, and in Turkey. Six weeks ago, before the conference at Gastein, it was believed by some of the best-informed men in Vienna that it would come within two months. Now they look forward to the coming spring.

The real question is, whether in view of this impending and inevitable conflict, it was wise for Austria and Germany to sacrifice Bulgaria to Russia for the moment. Had there been no counter-revolution, had the prince refused to return, I can see that there would have been an apparent advantage to Austria in allowing events to take their course for the moment. But when the question took its present form it was a mistake to yield to Russia. Had Austria and Germany supported the prince, England would have joined them, Turkey would have taken courage and thrown off the yoke of Russia. If war had followed, Austria would have had nothing to fear on this side. Roumania and Bulgaria would have been neutral, if not allies.

If Russia has her way, as now seems probable, all these advantages are lost. The war may be postponed, but when it comes the Bulgarians will form the advance-guard of the Russian army, and it is probable that Turkey will remain neutral. The whole East will stand in awe of Russia as never before. The Turks have of late been inclined to look to Germany as a defence against Russia; they think now that Germany and Austria together are too weak even to defend their own interests. For us here this is not a question of Prince Alexander, but of Russian supremacy. If England cannot, and Austria and Germany cannot or will not, do anything to limit it, what can we or the Bulgarians do but submit to it with the best grace possible, until our fate is finally settled in a great European war? I do not mean that the Turks will not fight if Russia in-

vades their territory; they will fight to the death; but in the light of present events, up to that hour of actual invasion they will yield everything.

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF BULGARIA.

I do not anticipate a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, or any serious and immediate change in the government of the country. It will no doubt be the aim of Russia simply to restore the state of things which existed four years ago, when the army was officered by Russians and counted as a division of the Russian army, when the leading ministers were Russians, and the Russian consul at Sofia was a practical dictator, the *alter ego* of the czar, from whom the prince received his orders. The union of eastern Roumelia will be consummated, and the propaganda in Macedonia pushed with new vigor and zeal. Bulgaria will also become the basis of Russian intrigues in Servia, and all possible preparation will be made for the coming war with Austria.

The Bulgarians themselves will be made to realize that they are under Russian rule again. Their army officers will be sent to Russia, and anti-Russians expelled from the country. There will be no attempt made for any length of time to conciliate the people. They will be ruled by force, and be taught by Russian agents to forget the remnants of their gratitude, and to hate Russia as the Poles do. This may not be the plan of the czar, but it will be simply a continuation of the work of the Bulgarian Commission at St. Petersburg, which is a branch of the Asiatic section, and controls Bulgarian affairs in its own way. The history of Russian influence in Bulgaria and eastern Roumelia is worthy of the attention of the czar himself. At the close of the Russo-Turkish war every Bulgarian was enthusiastically pro-Russian and full of gratitude. The portrait of the czar was in every house. No foreign influence has been exerted to modify this state of feeling, but little by little it has disappeared, and Russia has come to be regarded as an enemy. The people regret it. They still desire to be in sympathy with Russia. They are naturally grateful, and although Russian writers and Russian agents have told them a thousand times that Russia fought the last war for her own interests and not for theirs, they are loth to believe it.

But the Russian agents in Bulgaria, civil and military, with some honorable exceptions, have treated the government and the people as if they were Turkomans.

They have taken no pains to understand or conciliate them. They have trampled on their rights and outraged their feelings. They have encouraged anarchy and done what they could to hinder the progress of the nation. They have descended to every kind of petty intrigue and annoyance. It is not the fault of Prince Alexander or of England, but of the Russians themselves, that they no longer rule the hearts of the people. Possibly they might still be won back to their old allegiance; but there is no chance of it. The Russians will not trouble themselves to attempt it. They will quietly submit to their fate; but they will not be Russianized. Five hundred years of Turkish rule did not destroy their love of their own nationality, and even if they are annexed to Russia, they will remain Bulgarians still.

I do not envy the man who may be chosen to fill the place of Prince Alexander; he will have a hard and thankless task. If he attempts to rule in the interest of Bulgaria, he will be subjected to every insult and thwarted at every step. If he is simply a Russian satrap, he will be hated by the people, and forced to make war upon the national life. But whatever he may be, it is to be hoped that he will not delay his coming. Any government is better than none, and the overthrow of Prince Alexander has developed an amount of bitter feeling which will make it difficult for any Bulgarian to keep the peace in the country.

If Russia is defeated in the coming war, Bulgaria may still become a nation, and fulfil the destiny for which she is fitted by the character of her people, and Prince Alexander may again return to his place at Sofia. When that day comes it is to be hoped that the Bulgarians will remember that if they had been patient, united, and loyal—if they had all loved their country better than office and rank—they would have escaped the calamities of the past year. It was Russia which inspired the revolution, but it was Bulgarian party spirit, disloyalty, and treason, that overthrew the prince. The people have nobly repudiated it, but it was too late.

ENGLISH POLICY IN THE EAST.

I DISMISS as absurd the idea that England can ever desire to see Russia in possession of Constantinople. It is true that she does not want it herself. I can understand the truth of what the late Mr. Forster once said to me: "If it were a question of giving Constantinople and Asia Minor to Russia, or of our taking it

ourselves, I would give it to Russia." But Mr. Forster did not mean that he could see with equanimity any such enormous aggrandizement of Russia, or that he would not resist it. He simply meant to state in the strongest terms the impossibility of England's desiring any such extension of her responsibility.

Russia has chosen to be the enemy of England, and although there is no necessary antagonism between these two countries, England could never tolerate such an extension of Russia in Europe as would make her an irresistible foe; she is quite strong enough already, and when the time comes England will certainly fight for Constantinople. Her present policy is to maintain the Turks here until it can be transferred to some other hands than those of Russia. The policy of England is in full accord with the sympathies of her people. It is to encourage and develop the various nationalities of what was once European Turkey as friendly and allied independent States. She can do this only by opposing the progress of Russia, and maintaining the Turks at Constantinople until something better can be done. This policy does not grow out of any desire to attack Russia, or any wish to control this part of the world. It is purely a defensive policy, but it is none the less essential to the safety of England and of Europe. We may hate Austria *historically* as much as Mr. Freeman does, but England cannot afford to see that empire subjected to the czar. It would be better to fight for it.

It will not be easy to win back a controlling influence at Constantinople, to induce the Turks to govern wisely and justly, or to persuade them to resist the demands of Russia; they have seen too much of the power of Russia during the last few weeks; but the effort must be made and pressed with firmness and wisdom.

In regard to the immediate questions raised by events in Bulgaria, England will wish to act in the interest of the Bulgarians without passion or prejudice. I believe it will be her true policy to continue to favor the union of Bulgaria and eastern Roumelia, and not to throw any obstacles in the way of the choice of a new prince. It is expected here that the opposite course will be taken, but I can see no advantage in it either for England, Bulgaria, or Turkey. The sooner Bulgaria is quiet the better it will be for all concerned. If England had maintained her position here, and induced Turkey to allow the union to be consummated quietly, Prince Alexan-

der might have been saved. It is too late now to do anything for him, and a united Russian Bulgaria is not what England desired; but the union will still be an advantage to the Bulgarians, and less open to dangerous intrigues than under the present arrangement. If Russia, Austria, and Germany agree upon a prince, there can be no possible advantage in any opposition on the part of England.

There will be no English intrigues in Bulgaria itself against Russian influence. This is a business to which Englishmen are not adapted, and they would fail if they attempted it. They will not attempt it. Russia has now the game in Bulgaria, and there is nothing for England to do but to hold her hand until the blunders of Russia or a European war reopen this question. Then England may even fight for Bulgaria.

We are just now in the midst of the great feast of Courban Beiram. It was at the time of this feast last year that we were startled by the news of the revolution at Philippopolis. It has been a year of constant excitement and as trying to the Turkish government as a year of actual war.

We look forward to the new year as likely to be more trying still. The crisis for which we have been waiting for almost two hundred years seems to be approaching. The people anticipate it, fear it, and think of but little else. It need not be said that under these circumstances Constantinople is no longer a very bright and cheerful place to live in. The Courban Beiram this year is but a melancholy feast.

AN OLD RESIDENT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 11, 1886.

From The Spectator.

IN OLD FRANCE.

I.

FRENCH books on England show amusingly enough how little our neighbors understand us. We understand them just as little, though we visit them so much more; if their pictures of us are generally caricatures, so, most certainly, are ours of them. It is, in fact, sometimes amazing, with all our boasted openness of mind, with all our cultivation, our reading, our travelling, how this English mind of ours remains wrapped up in its prejudices. It is almost as rare now as fifty years ago to meet with an English person who understands the French, or is even fair enough to confess

that he does not understand them. And we are much more arrogant in our remarks than they in theirs. They laugh at us; we snarl at them. Our observations on French character are as ignorant as they are sweeping. The fact is, that we judge France from Paris, and from French novels, which are as cosmopolitan as sin itself, and which the best among the French people *do not read*. Might not England be as fairly judged by the society papers?

One describes the angelic goodness and sweetness of an old French lady. "Impossible!" says somebody, who ought to know better; "all Frenchwomen are wicked." One can only contradict; one cannot argue to any purpose, or prove anything, here in the middle of England. With a hopeless shrug, one reflects that a Frenchwoman might say, "*Les Anglaises sont si bêtes*;" for, after all, prejudices are not of one country.

One may remark, in passing, that it is as well to know the limits of one's knowledge; and this precaution is very necessary for English novelists when they wish to make a field of French society. The possible mistakes are endless; even a clever writer, not having studied his ground quite enough, makes an old Frenchwoman of rank sign her name — Marie de Morvan, or whatever it was — at the end of a letter to a young man of her acquaintance.

Of course, it is not necessary, and not at all to be expected — in most cases it is, in fact, impossible — that a native of one civilized country should know every turn of national character in another, and every shade of etiquette in its society. But if we must be ignorant, we need not proclaim our ignorance by pretending to know what we do not. That is not the clever way of doing things, either in writing or in talk. After all, the most cultivated people are the most truthful. Once upon a time, a young man, who had read a good deal, was talking to an acquaintance of his about French books. She mentioned Sainte-Beuve and the "*Nouveaux Lundis*." "Who is Sainte-Beuve?" he asked; "I never heard of him." In the mind of the person who was talking to him, the first feeling, of course, was slight surprise; the second was admiration.

A little real knowledge of French people and of French society in its best form — away from Paris and watering-places, Jews, millionaires, the foreign influences that spoil whatever they touch — helps one in a wonderful way to realize that great wave of the Revolution, which has left so

many traces behind it in the country,—legends, ghosts, relics, ruins. One may stay at home in England, reading volumes of histories and memoirs of the Revolution, or one may travel in France with English ideas and a fine stock of information. All the facts of that extraordinary time may be present to one's mind, and one may seem to know its characters intimately well; yet it is hardly possible for a person of a different, antagonistic race to understand the *feeling* of the Revolution. Not its causes or effects, not the good or evil of it, which can all be learnt in history; but itself, its look, its atmosphere, what it was, what it did; one can learn a good deal of this—fancifully, of course, and in a benighted, old-fashioned way—from the shadows and echoes it has left in the provinces.

Going down, for instance, into such a province as Anjou, still one of the most aristocratic, the most simple, the most old-fashioned of France; seeing with one's own eyes, hearing with one's own ears, talking to people whose great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers in these same houses saw the Revolution, and who have inherited their nameless charm; in this country life, simple, happy, brilliant, and good, where crosses by the wayside are still heaped with flowers, and frogs croak contentedly, and one hears, what one had always imagined, that the *silence des grenouilles* was nothing but a ridiculous tradition,—the past mysteriously becomes present, somehow; one is carried back a hundred years, and knows quite well what the châteaux of Anjou were like when that *jacquerie* burst over them.

After all, a hundred years is not so very long, and it is not that yet; people who were born in those days are living now. Indeed, a very few years ago there was living in one of those châteaux an old lady who remembered the Revolution. She and her elder sisters were three of the most beautiful girls in the country. Her father disappeared, perhaps his fate was never known; her two sisters in that terrible time found refuge in obscure marriages, going through troubles quite worthy of a story-book. She, no doubt, had her romances too; but one only knows of her that ten years ago she was living, and had lived for years, in the old family house, a melancholy hermit whom no one ever saw. It seems as if she had lived all her life long in the shadow of the Revolution.

Anjou was a wild country in those days, covered with woods, in which deer, wild

boar, and wolf abounded. The woods exist still, and so does the game, though both are of course infinitely less than they were. But still among the gentlemen of Anjou there is a *lieutenant louvetier*, and still great hunting-parties go out in autumn, with *piqueurs* and horns, and liveries and grand parade. Sometimes the wolves come near the villages in winter, and are shot by lucky sportsmen. On the broad cold stone staircase of a certain château, an immense stuffed wolf confronts you, the trophy of some former *chasse*, as you go up to the shining rooms where the young people are dancing, with all kinds of fantastic ornaments flashing though their favorite *cotillon*. Was it all so different in 1786? you may ask yourself very reasonably.

The vivid impression of that old time is no doubt helped by the fact that for the last ten or twelve years all the gentlemen of Anjou have been spending fortunes on their grand old houses, restoring them as far as possible to what they were before the Revolution. The *salon*, with its great stone chimneypiece, carved, painted, and emblazoned, the heavy dogs of wrought iron, behind which logs and grey ashes are heaped with a fine barbarism, the dark raftered ceiling all painted with running wreaths of bright flowers, a simple restoration of old painting half faded away, the walls hung with curious tapestries. It has all been a labor of love with the owners of it; the row of great *fautouils* gradually lengthens, as the tapestry that covers them is worked in flowers and figures and gay arabesques by the mistress of the house and her friends. She is only doing what her great-grandmother did. For see, she brings out to show you a piece of unfinished tapestry, like her own in design, but faded colors and canvas brown with age, and a rusty needle sticking in it where some sudden catastrophe most likely made the worker leave off her work, and throw it aside. "We found this hidden in a cupboard," her descendant tells you; "it must have been there since the great Revolution."

Anjou to this day is full of legends and superstitions; the churches have their famous saints, their holy wells; in the name of some hill or village you trace a battle long ago; and the châteaux, of course, have their ghosts, many of them being people of the last century. There is a "white lady" of Louis XI.'s time; and there is a wicked *seigneur*, who leads a wild hunt through the woods on stormy nights in winter,—the peasants wake

shivering to hear the blowing of the horns, the baying of the dogs. And there is the old story of the château with its grass court, where on frosty mornings the traces of a coach and six horses are plainly to be seen.

But as far as the Revolution is concerned, one of the most remarkable ghosts in Anjou is a certain lady, young, pretty, and smiling, dressed beautifully in light green and flowered silk, of the time of Louis XVI. In her own old château she comes to modern visitors in their rooms, stands beside them, looks kindly into their strange faces, and then vanishes disappointed. They naturally find this a little unbearable, and wish to go away the next morning; but their hostess consoles them: "*Restes tranquille*. You will never see her again. It is only the new people that she visits."

Poor little *comtesse*! no doubt she feels herself the real mistress of the château still, and she evidently bears no grudge against the guests there, but, on the contrary, expects to find her own old friends amongst them. It is no use talking about her much, for her joys and sorrows are beyond our present understanding; and, indeed, knowing so little about French people now, how is it possible for us to enter into the thoughts of their great-grandmothers? But there she is, and she saw the Revolution; and if the story was told you down in her country of Anjou, you would think a moment before you laughed at it. E.

From Good Words.

THE TIGER.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

RESTRICTED to southern Asia, the tiger is brought into much closer contact with civilization than is the lion of Africa; and, in consequence "man-eating" tigers are far more common than lions which possess the same terrible habit.

The population of Asia is much more dense than that of Africa, while the character of the vegetation is such that it affords shelter to the tiger almost on the very borders of the villages. The causes for the practice of man-eating are the same as those which affect the lion.

Were it not for the presence of civilized man, with his flocks and herds, a tiger could never reach old age. Its stiffening, or rather failing, limbs would no longer enable it to capture the deer and other

active animals which are its natural prey, nor could its blunted teeth tear the dead carcass in pieces. It would become more and more feeble, and in the course of nature would creep to some retired spot, and there breathe its last.

But the presence of civilized man gives it a longer lease of life. For some time it can haunt the outskirts of the villages, picking up a stray ox or goat, and so sustaining life. As the infirmities of age make themselves felt, even so slight an exertion becomes too burdensome, and the animal finds that an old woman or a child that has strayed from the shelter of the house is a still easier prey.

When once established in either of these stages of artificial life, the tiger becomes the most terrible foe that the mind of man can conceive. In the graphic language of Colonel W. Campbell, "a confirmed man-eater always lurks in the neighborhood of villages, or close to some well-frequented road, and rarely preys upon any other animal but man."

"When a tiger thus quarters himself almost at the doors of the inhabitants a curse has indeed fallen upon them. The ryots cannot cultivate their fields but at the risk of their lives. The women dare not fetch water from the well. The persecuted laborers, returning at sunset from their daily toil, may be seen hurrying along with headlong speed, and uttering loud yells in hope of scaring their hidden foe."

"Peace and security are banished from that devoted village. Day after day some member of the little community disappears—the land is filled with mourning, and the death-lament comes swelling on the evening breeze, instead of the gay notes of the zittar and the merry laugh of light-hearted maidens. The destroying fiend revels in blood, and becomes daily more open in his attacks."

In one district only, that of Kandeish, the officer in command reported that during his four years' tenure of the post the tigers killed annually an average of ninety human beings and six thousand cattle.

An old man-eater develops an amount of cunning which is simply appalling. It never remains for any length of time in one place, but incessantly travels from one village to another, concealing itself with the utmost art, carrying off one of the inhabitants, and immediately making its way to some distant spot. A single tiger has been known to paralyze a triangular district of some forty miles in extent.

The natives feel themselves powerless, and all that they can think of is to offer rice to their numerous divinities. Their only real hope lies in the European, whom they despise and abhor as an unbeliever, but respect for his powers.

Mounted on trained elephants, and guided by native trackers, mostly belonging to the Bheel tribe, the English hunters first discover the beast in its hiding-place, and then destroy it. A remarkable instance of the cunning of an old man-eater is narrated by Colonel W. Campbell in his "Indian Journal."

A man-eating tigress had been tracked for four days by the Bheels, and at last "harbored," as stag-hunters say, in a small thicket. As the party approached the tigress charged them, and then retreated to the thicket. The elephant was taken through the cover, but the tigress had slipped out. Guided by a Bheel, who walked by the elephant's side, the track was followed for some distance. Making a circuit, it led back to the thicket, but again the cover was empty.

On making a "cast" to discover the lost track, a fresh footprint of a tiger was seen over that of the elephant. Again a circuit was made, and with the same result.

Completely puzzled, the Bheel was about to start off on foot in search of the track, when one of the hunters happened to look back and saw the tiger crouching behind the elephant, and scarcely visible. The crafty animal had been creeping after the elephant, waiting for an opportunity of pouncing on the Bheel as soon as he left his shelter.

Had it not been for the casual glance by which the position of the animal was detected the device would have been successful. As it was the hunter placed a bullet between her eyes as she was watching the Bheel, whom she instinctively knew to be the real element of danger to her. The exultation of the little man may be conceived.

Comedy and tragedy go hand in hand in these hunts.

An amusing example of the former is given by the same traveller. A tiger had been wounded, but although one of its hind legs was broken, it made its way into a patch of high grass, and hid there. Guided by the Bheels, the elephant entered the grass patch for the purpose of driving out the tiger. The cunning animal allowed the party to pass, and then sprang at one of the Bheels, "a little, hairy, bandy-legged man, more like a satyr than a human being."

The Bheel dashed at the nearest tree, and, owing to the broken leg of the tiger, was able to climb out of reach. Finding himself safe, the Bheel "commenced a philippic against the father, mother, sisters, aunts, nieces, and children of his helpless enemy, which sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little enemy, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage.

"As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon; pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or will be committed.

"Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring in imitation of the tiger; and at last, when fairly exhausted, he leaned forward till he appeared to be within the grasp of the enraged animal, and ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face."

Sometimes the tragic element prevails.

In one of these too numerous instances a man-eater, which for six months had been the terror of the neighborhood, had been traced down, and was seen to creep into a ravine. The beaters were at once ordered off, as they could not be of service, and might be charged by the tiger, which had already been rendered furious by a wound.

Unfortunately these men are in the habit of half intoxicating themselves with opium before driving the tiger from its refuge, and one of them who had taken too large a dose refused to escape, and challenged the tiger, drawing his sword and waving it defiantly. In a moment the animal sprang upon him, dashed him to the ground with a blow of his paw, and turned to bay.

After a series of desperate charges he was killed. The hunters then went to the assistance of the wounded man, but found that he was past all aid; the lower part of his face, including both jaws, having been carried away as if by a cannon-ball.

The terrific effect of the single blow indicates the power of the limb which struck it. Had the blow taken effect a few inches higher the whole of the head would have been carried away. By a similar blow a tiger has been known to crush the skull of an ox so completely, that when handled the broken bones felt as if they were loose in a bag.

The wonder at this terrific strength diminishes when the limb is measured.

The tiger which killed the foolhardy man was by no means a large one, measuring nine feet five inches from the nose to the tip of the tail; yet the girth of the forearm was *two feet seven inches*. The corresponding limb of a very powerful man scarcely exceeds a foot in circumference. I have not had the opportunity of dissecting a tiger, but I have helped to dissect a lion, which is possessed of similar powers, and was struck with wonder at the tremendous development of the muscles of the forelegs.

Not until it becomes a man-eater is the tiger much dreaded, especially in the case of those natives who do not possess flocks or herds. Indeed, when an Englishman has offered to kill a tiger whose lair was well known, he has been requested not to do so, as the tiger did no harm, and killed so many deer that it supplied the neighbors with meat.

A remarkable example of this mutual fellowship between man and tiger is narrated by Colonel Campbell.

Hearing shrieks of distress, he ran to the rescue, and found that they proceeded from a young lad of fifteen, on whom his father, a celebrated hunter and bushranger named Kamah, was operating with a bamboo.

His crime (?) was that he had killed a tiger. Most people would have thought it a most gallant action, and felt proud of their son. Not so Kamah, who was full of angry regret.

"It is all very well for those who live in the open country to wage war with tigers, but with us, who live on social terms with them in the jungle, the case is different.

"I have no quarrel with the tigers. I never injured one of them—they never injured me; and while there was peace between us I went among them without fear of danger. But now that this young rascal has picked a quarrel there is no saying where the feud will end."

Whereupon the discipline of the bamboo was renewed.

The tigress is much more to be dreaded as a man-eater than the male animal. Should she happen to have cubs it is necessary to kill the entire family, as the young ones have been accustomed from the first to feed on human flesh, and begin, instead of ending, by being man-eaters.

Sometimes the tiger is captured alive, and then, as a rule, it loses all its fiery courage, and becomes an abject coward. There are a few exceptions, as in the case of Jungla, the once celebrated fighting

tiger belonging to a late king of Oude. Besides being a singularly fine animal, he was remarkable for having most of the stripes on his sides double. Between many of the double stripes were a number of little spots like those of the leopard, gathered most thickly upon the shoulders and flanks.

In the jungle a tiger would make short work of any buffalo, but when the animals are pitted against each other in an enclosure the tiger shows no fight, letting itself be tossed without offering any resistance.

In one such fight, if fight it could be called, a single buffalo was matched with two tigers, and did what he liked with them, so that at last the spectators shot the wounded animals out of compassion.

Jungla, however, was made of sterner stuff, and was never vanquished. I had an opportunity of seeing him when he was brought to England in 1869, and a good portrait of him was executed by Mr. Harrison Weir for my "Illustrated Natural History." When pitted against a buffalo he bided his time, sprang at the head, and with a mixed blow and wrench dislocated its neck, his hind feet being on the ground.

These semi-tame tigers, which are kept for fighting purposes, form a connecting link between the wild animals and those which are kept in menageries for the purpose of exhibition.

In captivity, the tiger is a much more troublesome beast than the lion. It is not nearly so amenable to human influence, and, in consequence, is seldom employed in sensational performances. Performing lions are common enough, but performing tigers are very seldom seen.

There are now several lion-tamers, who have trained seven or eight lions to live harmoniously in the same cage, and to go through sundry performances, such as leaping over sticks, through hoops, even when they are wrapped with strips of cotton soaked with paraffin, and then lighted.

This is a most wonderful feat, for all wild beasts, and especially the great carnivora, which are nocturnal in their habits, are very much afraid of fire, and, as is well known to travellers, can be kept at a distance from the camp at night by surrounding it with a circle of fires. Not even the lowing of oxen or the bleating of goats will induce a lion, leopard, or tiger to enter the fiery circle, and it is most wonderful that the animal should be taught by man to leap through a blazing hoop not much larger in diameter than its own body.

But I believe that not the most experi-

enced and daring of wild-beast tamers ever ventured to put eight tigers into one cage, and teach them to perform tricks which are quite at variance with their natural instincts. Of course, there is a distinct individuality among tigers as among ourselves, some being gentle and tolerably tractable, while others are fierce, morose, and not to be trusted. In Mr. G. Sanger's menagerie at Margate there are two tigresses which are of exactly opposite characters. Both go by the name of Bessy, there being an extraordinary lack of originality in the nomenclature of animals. Even in stables the same monotony is paramount. In great establishments, for example, where the owner has taken pains to give appropriate names to the animals, the grooms almost invariably ignore the name which has been given by the owner, and employ their own more familiar language. So, though over each stall may be the name, "Grand Duke," "Black Prince," "Crusader," or similar names, they are all "Bill," "Tommy," "Dick," and so forth to the grooms, and answer to no other names.

These two Bessys are, as I mentioned, of diametrically opposed characters. The difference may partly be owing to the accident of birth, one having been captured while young, and the other born in a menagerie. One might naturally imagine that the latter would be the better tempered of the two, she never having known the freedom of savage life. But, in accordance with the invariable rule, the forest-bred animal is the tamer, those which have been born in captivity being always uncertain in their ways, and not to be trusted.

Now, Bessy the first is forest-bred. The head keeper, Walter Stratford, has the most perfect confidence in her, and can take any liberties with her. After I had paid several visits to the menagerie, I thought that she began to recognize me, and therefore cultivated her acquaintance. Now, as soon as I enter the house, Bessy tries to attract my attention, expects to be patted and stroked, her ears to be pulled, and her nose rubbed, just as a pet cat would do.

One day I had an unexpected experience with her.

Nearly the whole of the end of the room is occupied by a huge cage, in which Stratford delights in putting all sorts of incongruous animals. There are several varieties of monkeys, a porcupine, a goat, some rabbits and guinea pigs, a few geese and ducks, four cats, a coati-mondi, two racoons, a jackal, a little white Pomeranian

dog named Rose, two hybrids, having the jackal as their father and Rose as their mother, two pigs, and other animals.

Thinking that the goat would like some fresh grass, I went to the lawn, gathered a large handful, and brought it to the goat. Not a blade of that grass did she get. I had hardly held the grass to the bars when Rose and her children flew at it, drove the goat away, and literally tore the grass out of my hands. Three times did I fetch grass before the goat was allowed to eat a blade of it. Ever since that time I have always furnished myself with a good supply of grass before visiting these animals.

On one occasion I stopped as usual at Bessy's cage, and noticed that she stared fixedly at the grass. So I said jokingly, "Why, Bessy, you cannot want grass. However, here it is if you want it." So I put my hand into the cage, and was much surprised by seeing her gently scrape the grass out of my hand with her huge paw. Then she lay down, gathered the grass between her paws, and licked up every particle of it. When she had finished it she looked appealingly in my face as if asking for another supply; so I fetched a fresh handful, the whole of which she took in the same dainty way. Meanwhile, Rose and her children were performing the most extraordinary antics at the end of the room. They had seen me bring in the grass, and naturally imagined that it was intended for them as usual. What with disappointment, and what with jealousy, they were simply frantic, barking, yelping, jumping up and down, scratching at the bars of the cage, and expressing their outraged feelings in the most ludicrous fashion. Now, I always give Bessy her allowance of grass first, and then take another portion to Rose, her children, and the goat.

It is a rather remarkable fact that the canivora are much more eager for the grass than are the deer, camels, antelopes, and other vegetable feeders.

As to Bessy the first, she is so fond of Stratford, and places such reliance on him, that when she has cubs she will allow him to enter the cage, take away the cubs, and hand them about among the visitors. In fact, she is quite pleased to see that her offspring attract so much attention.

Very different is Bessy the second. She never had a very good temper, but was not considered to be a dangerous animal, until an event occurred which completely altered, or at all events had an evil influence upon her character.

Nearly two years ago three young lion

cubs were in the next cage to hers. One day she seemed to be seized with a sudden frenzy, smashed the partition between the cages, flew at the cubs, and killed two of them in a moment. The whole attack was so quick and unexpected that Stratford had only just time to save the life of the third cub. Since that time she has been carefully watched, for when once a lion or a tiger has broken through a cage, it is apt to repeat the operation.

The reader may perhaps call to mind a startling event which took place some years ago in Ratcliff Highway. A tigress belonging to Mr. Jamrach had broken out of her cage, escaped into the road, seized a young boy and carried him off. The boy, not being a naturalist, thought that she was a handsome kind of dog, and began to pat her, when the animal caught him by the shoulder, and ran down the street. Mr. Jamrach, a man of vast proportions, flung himself on the tigress, caught her by the loose skin of the neck, got his arm round her throat, and garrotted her so effectually that she loosened her hold, the boy being not much the worse for his terrible experience.

On seeing the account of this gallant action, I went to see Mr. Jamrach, and learned the details. He treated the matter very lightly, and said, in his imperfect but quaint English, that he "drowed himself upon her and strangulated her."

The same animal was afterwards placed in Edmonds's menagerie, the cage next her own being occupied by a lion. She broke

down the partition, fought the lion and killed him, she herself suffering much damage. Altogether, she was rather an expensive animal. She cost Jamrach three hundred pounds paid as compensation to the boy, while Edmonds's lion which she killed was worth about as much.

Now, Bessy the second displays a very similar character. She is restless, morose, and suspicious, and if any of the animals make a sudden movement, she starts up, stares at them through the bars, and often sets up a series of roars, which have the effect of causing every lion and tiger in the place to roar for sympathy, so that the noise is deafening.

Last summer she was greatly disconcerted at a photographer, who wished to take portraits of some of the animals, and disturbed them all so incessantly that a really successful portrait could not be secured. The only way in which a photograph of any kind could be taken was to place the camera and black cloth before the cage, leave it there for an hour or two, visiting it at intervals until the suspicious animal had become accustomed to it. Then the operator put the cloth over his head, and threw it off again, until at last the tigress realized the fact that the black cloth was not a personal enemy.

I have tried to make friends with her, but at present without the least success. It is a great pity that her temper is so bad, for she is a fine animal, and being quite young, has in all probability a long life before her.

A SWEDISH naturalist has collected some remarkable statistics of the important part natural history and certain other branches of science have played in the names assumed by the Swedish nobility when elevated to that rank. As regards zoology, five names begin with *Lejon* (lion), and six with the German equivalent *Löwen*, *Lewen*, or *Len*. Only one name begins with *Örn* (eagle), but six with the German form, *Adler*. The mythical animals *Grip* (griffin) and *Drake* (dragon) have been appropriated by six and three families respectively. Of other animals and birds of prey, *Tiger* (tiger) is represented by four families, *Ulf* (wolf) by three, *Björn* (bear) by three, *Falk* (falcon) by three, *Geijer* (hawk) by two, and *Räf* (fox) by one. There are, further, two families whose names begin with *Oxe* (ox), one with *Häst* (horse), two with *Elg* (elk), one with *Hjort* (stag), one with *Ralamb* (doe), one

with *Get* (goat), one with *Svin* (swine), one with *Bäfver* (beaver), one with *Dufva* (dove), one with *Reiher* (heron), one with *Stork*, one with *Gädda* (pike), three with *Rud* (carp), one with *Odla* (lizard), and one with *Brämo* (gadfly). Many more names have been taken from trees and plants. Thus, fourteen begin with *Lilje* (lily) and *Ros* (rose) respectively, eleven with *Lager* (laurel), nine with *Ceder* (cedar), seven with *Ek* (oak), six with *Lind* (lime), and so on. If we turn to astronomy, numerous stars form the prefixes of names, but in no case the sun or the moon. Fourteen begin, and eleven end, with *Stjerna* (star). It is mentioned that the famous name *Oxenstjerna*, is a corruption of the German word *Stirn* (forehead), which is proved by the family escutcheon, and is not derived from the above word.